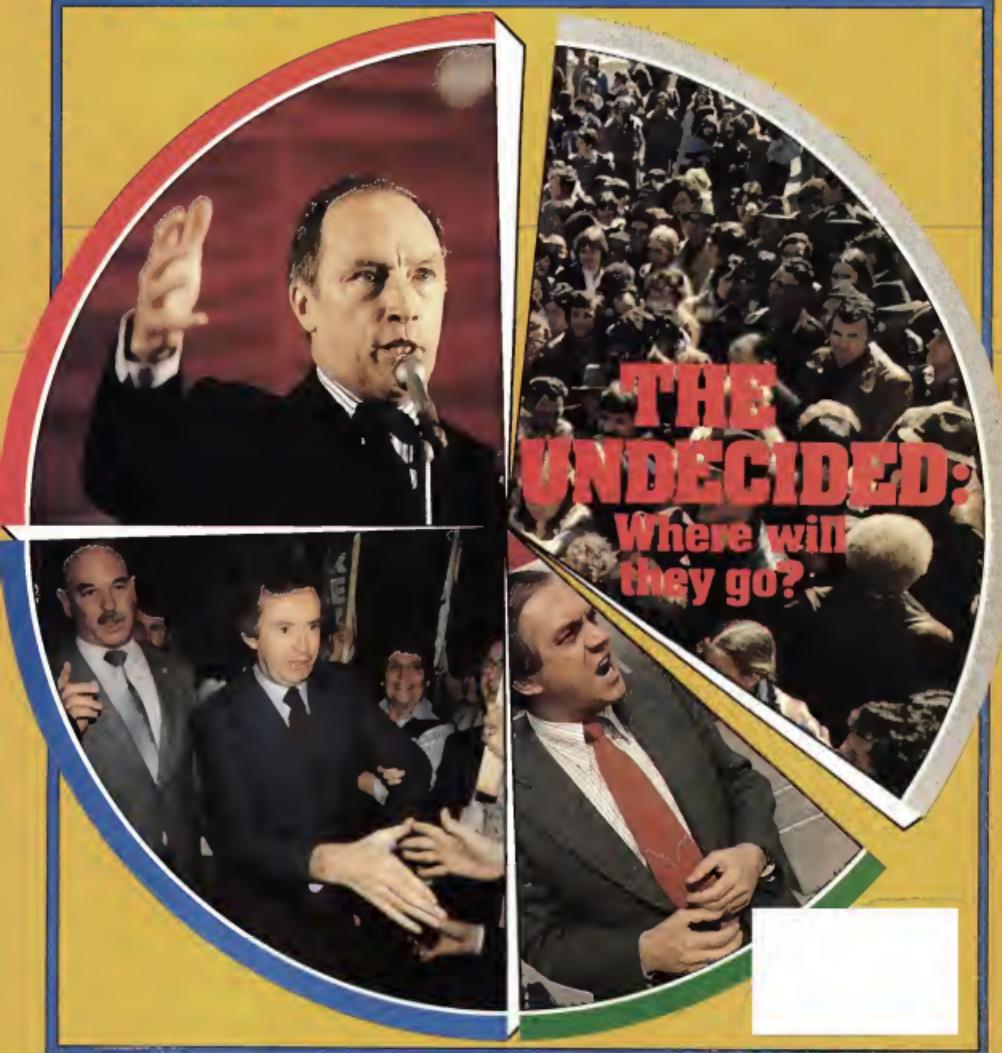


Maclean's

MAY 7, 1979

75¢



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Maclean's

MAY 7 1979

► The agency Beta

Swallowed by April showers and a fast spring thaw, the Red River Valley was evacuated last week, transforming the capital of Manitoba into a coastal city without a harbor.

In the war of telecommunications, these stakeholders behind the election advertising campaigns are all out for one thing—trying to get the undecided voter just to remember the name. **From 41**

COVER STORY

The undecided
Last week two national polls placed the Liberals and Conservatives in a virtual tie and underscored voter support more than 30 per cent. That figure has not been so plentiful at a similar point in a campaign since 1965. It reflects a time of ambiguity, if not indecision, about Pierre Trudeau and ambivalence about Jim Clark. Ministerial shuffles, by the way, did not help. Robert Lester, president of the Royal Canadian Institute, said the role of undecided voters will play a large part in the election.

Only rock 'n' roll

As a voice bellowed "We weren't here for the heroin we wouldn't be here," musicians Keith Richards and the Rolling Stones carried out their extraordinary public act of redemption. **Page 62**

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A marriage cult grows in the church

By André McNicoll

In the dark basement of Notre Dame de Lourdes Church in Cyrville, not far from Ottawa, an "information session" is under way to acquaint 25 attractive couples with the marital bliss that awaits them through Marriage Encounter. The LaVallée's introduce themselves. "My name is Michael and this is my wife Jeanette. 'My name is Jeanette and this is my husband Michael.' Other couples follow the hosts and dress the same few words until Charles Proulx, a young priest sitting in the middle of the block, deviates slightly to insist, "My spouse is the church." Sung sheets have been distributed before hand and all sing and tag.

Twenty-four hours earlier, one man present, in their first stages of involvement with Marriage Encounter, a phenomenally successful and increasingly controversial movement flourishing within the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed the church, apparently dormant during these past 20 years that have seen the appearance of more than 1,000 cells in North America, seems to have rediscovered the challenging reality of human gallantry and, through Marriage Encounter, is paying homage to the latest indoctrination techniques, to say nothing of

good old-fashioned pyramid selling.

If these couples in the basement choose to participate, they will pay \$180 a pair to be "encountered", to refine their marriage (or a parent's or son's case, marriage to the church) through an intense weekend of close-contact communications known as the "blended 44 hours." In Canada, at less than five years, more than 80,000 couples have been indoctrinated and are waiting for new seats at \$60,000. In the United States, a staggering 600,000 have gone through the sessions. That's it among French Canadians that will have attained 50% of a cell's capacity.

Every weekend over 2,000 francophones couple and another 500 anglophones pair shack nose hand and mouth early Friday, greeting for their "blended 44 hours." Run by sheer "team couples" and a priest, the weekend program consists of 14 lessons divided into four phases: two on "I", two on "Us", six on "Us and God", and four on "Us, God and the World." The team couples, always holding hands or showing some other signs of affection, illustrate each theme with examples from their own lives. One of the keys to the success of the weekend, and to maintaining the couple's interest for a long time after, is a communication technique known as the "10-10." Following each lecture, and

The LaVallée's (left) and other couples at an "information session" class of encounters of the programmed kind



CLOSEUP

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Our secret ingredient in Saronno is patience. Over the centuries we have allowed the legendary flavour of Amaretto di Saronno to develop slowly, until it is soft, subtle and mellow.

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The Godfather
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1/2 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
1/2 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
Stir in an old-fashioned glass over ice

The Bambino
(1 Pint)
1/2 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
1/2 oz. sweet cream
1 oz. vodka
Shake well with cracked ice
Strain and serve in champagne glass.

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Amaretto di Saronno. The Original.

encountered couples, a sort of emotional cloning that brings a refugee's dignity rather than the mastery of the very difficult art of true adaptation. Religious structures often become the means upon which people can program and program themselves. And couples like these feel guilty because they have allowed the ecstasy of the weekend to dampen an intensity and they are not doing their "10-10" every day.

Take its sponsor the church. We're rapidly organized. Since October, 1971, there has been a National Board in Montréal. The movement started in North America among a group of Franco-Americans in the Matane-New Brunswick area) ever since a couple was of names (each usually a parish, counties, units and districts. Each piece of the organizational puzzle is headed by one couple and a priest. We was born in Spain in the 1950s, the brainchild of Gabriel Calvo, a young priest working with couples in Barcelona. It was also covered in 1960 by an American Jesuit, Chuck Gallagher, who saw in it the antidote for the "overemphasis on personal fulfillment in today's life," he explains. The trappings of modern group psychology were gradually beamed intensely, seductively, secretly, subconsciously and an inflexible ritual.

Gallagher's version, International Marriage Encounter, with head office in Los Angeles, has had enormous success in a world seemingly craving a return to the old faith. Last October, after a meeting in Mexico, an International Council was formed to direct operations in 37 countries. At \$140 per couple (up until about a year ago it was \$80 but the couple, toward the end of the weekend, would be asked to double the offering).

An introduction to Marriage Encounter—30,000 couples are on the waiting list.



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St. John's

Census and sensibility: uncovering our roots

By the first light of the microfilm reader at Ottawa's Public Archives last week, a winter period of the faded Victorian surge of the Dominion Census for 1881. Statistics Canada had only recently turned it over to the Archives for public viewing. By township and county, name, religion, occupation and country of origin, the four million inhabitants of Canada in 1881 wanted across the census pages at the old坐標和坐標 of the enumerators. The recall of names and occupations for Kiplings, Galters, actuaries, engineers and up a list of 100,000 names.

A census was taken in 1851, after Sir George C. Scott rang the census bell, but the record is obscured by a nervous of demanded money from the angular, stern-faced Justice of the Peace, the 1851 census was taken. The census takers who bound of the people taking the Census of England with dreams of "census freedom." The preliminary persons drawn into, in their other lives, when they were five, they were schoolchildren, clerks, blacksmiths and copper dealers such as in Asian towns, two children alone along a prosperous street, treated by their aged parents. In the 1851 census the occupation was "labor" but have changed, and the naming is a "sur-

The release of this census is welcome news for anyone interested in his roots. It's the first one to include British Columbia and the Northwest Territories, which then took in all the Prairie regions. The previous census, for 1871, was released 25 years ago and Archives off-



The census of 1881 in front of Kiplings' birthplace, now home to the post office.

Historian, the minister responsible for Statistics Canada. It means there's a group of angry constituents turned into state voters, because he now exercised his ministerial discretion and let the 1881 census go public. Even so, anyone wanting to publish any names from the census must receive permission from the Dominion archives.

Maggie McGivern

cover: Washington (pop. 400,000) is the third largest city in the U.S. The citizens of Vancouver, B.C., Canada, are not so pleased.

The city of 400,000 in Canada is third largest after mother Vancouver (1.1 million) and 200 miles deep in the U.S. The citizens of Van-

cover, Washington (pop. 400,000) are not so pleased with the Other One. All that has made it a boom town and up and running during the long Vancouver winter. The citizens of Vancouver have been trying to change the city's name for 15 years but didn't Vancouverites, refusing to be beaten by their city's name, have rolled down these new name references. Shaking, U.S.A. An anti-road signs was taken by the Vancouverites as an act of affirmation. It might also work as a warning to all the southern Washington motorists who are forever looking to change their names because they're not they're still in Canada.

Robert Stoll

A tangled tale of two cities

Vancouver highway signs have been changed to read "Entering Vancouver,

ENTERING
Vancouver, U.S.A.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT STOLL

Character, quality, Royal Reserve.

Royal Reserve is proof that a great rye need not be expensive.

Light, mixable character and fine quality at a truly modest price.



A camera for every need

Olympus was the first to cut the body of 35mm SLR down to size. It's a full shell smaller and lighter than their cameras. Although smaller overall, controls are large and easy to use.

Taken at random from the production line, OM cameras are blazed with a 100,000 life cycle test at temperatures ranging from -46°F to 122°F. There's equal to 100 years of durability to the degree in why Olympus is invariably chosen by the professionals.

The Olympus Compact SLR System, consisting of focusing screen, lenses, winds, flash, etc., is the largest in the world with 287 components. And, it's still growing.

The steady motor drive measured as the OM-1 or OM-2 can fire off 5 frames per second without ever looking up. The most remarkable OM-10 accepts the 8 speed of 8 frames per second into wonder.

Now, Olympus offers you a camera for every need.

As simple as 1, 2, 10.

The OM-1 has sold more than any other compact SLR, for good reason. It was the first and is still the best word in providing full automatic control.

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The OM-10 is the newest OM camera. Fully automatic, it retains the features of remarkable Olympus. It's famous for, for less.

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Frontlines

The selling of Souris

Leoh (Snoopy) Lowry, the mouse pasture magnate of Souris, has sold only one acre of his son's family-owned farm. This should be good news—it's more profitable. Lowry is the man who subdivided a massive mouse pasture into 8,734 lots of one square centimetre each and is selling



Mousefarmer Phil Lowry: a bridge too short

them at \$2 each to raise money for House Jax's Canada Week celebrations (Maclean's, March 20).

It's a talent that runs in the family. It seems, however, son Phil, a 30-year-old banker, is at the centre of a similar scheme in Souris, Manitoba. Instead of a pasture, Phil has turned to the town's most famous asset, a 280-foot swinging footbridge over the Souris River. With its three-foot width, the bridge surface measures 261,424 square inches, or 16,340 square feet. After calculating bankrolls, in co-operation with the Chamber of Commerce, is selling \$2 share certificates for each square inch, proceeds to go toward Souris's annual centennial celebrations and a heritage fund.

Lowry Sr. likes the idea of dividing up the 75-year-old bridge (rebuilt in 1957 after a flood) but can't understand why it's not an instant commodity, which it would generate almost seven times as many shares. Says a ribbon Phil: "Inches have been around longer than centimetres."

Peter Corlyon-Garage

The Princes invite you to a wine tasting



Prince Blanc and Prince Noir are two of the most widely enjoyed French wines in Canada. You'll find the very same superb quality in all Barton & Guestier wines.

Barton & Guestier is world-famous for its many excellent French wines, a reputation carefully guarded by the strictest standards of quality control.

If you've enjoyed the two Princes, now's the time to discover other fine B & G wines. Consider this your invitation.

Barton & Guestier





Days Inns won't let rising gas prices cut down your vacation plans.

Our low, low family rates more than compensate for your extra fuel expenses this year. Stay at Days Inns, and your vacation may cost even less than last year!

That's because Days Inns offer one of the best values in family lodging today. You get a big, comfortable, spotless room with two double beds and telephone. Free color TV. A good restaurant. A refreshing pool. And of course, the friendliest service.

Choose from 301 locations in

204 cities. Most Days Inns even have gas facilities on the premises. So you get savings and convenience both.

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You'll have good nights at Days Inns.

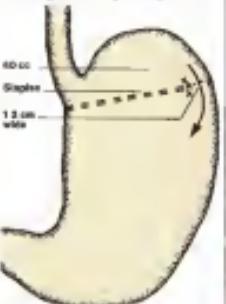


Frontlines

This section is closed

For months ago the Montreal man could have challenged anyone to a breakfast of champions. At one sitting he would eat seven eggs, a pound of bacon and three loaves of bread. But he won't likely eat that way for long. At 450 pounds he was prime candidate for heart disease, diabetes and death.

Today that man's been reduced to half a piece of toast, two table-spoons of cereal and half an egg. He eats no more than 1,000. That's because his stomach is a fraction of its former size, thanks to a new surgical technique being tested in



Canada and the United States as an effective treatment for the greedy obese.

Known as laparoscopic transgastric, it involves stitching off a small, upper portion of the stomach with a row of stainless steel staples. The patient is effectively left with a much smaller stomach and, therefore, a severely reduced capacity for food.

The Montreal patient was operated on by Dr. Lloyd MacLean, surgeon-in-chief at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, one of three Canadians who have been performing the operation regularly since it was developed last year. MacLean, Dr. John Palmer, a general surgeon at Toronto General Hospital, and Dr. Joe Freeman, head of surgery at Ottawa General, already have long waiting lists of obese people anxious for the two-hour procedure. Several more

Canadian surgeons will be visiting Palmer to watch the surgery.

The gastroplasty technique was pioneered in the '80s by Dr. Edward Mason at the University of Iowa, then abandoned until last year when modifications made the operation more effective. Now a patient can expect to lose about 40 pounds in the first two months, then continue to lose about 10 pounds a month. The operation can be reversed, if need be, and its proponents are hoping it will replace the higher-risk bowel and

gastric bypasses which have been used for the dramatically obese.

Though gastropasty patients should still track the number of times they eat if they expect to lose weight, one 23-year-old patient of Palmer's has discovered he can get through a long stretch of eating if he cuts it into foodie-sized pieces and eats them slowly over an evening. Other patients, who haven't figured out how to sabotage the surgery, report oddly optimistic for a permanently dim future.

Cynthia Wiles

Tegrin gives problem dandruff the brush-off.

The experts agree.

When the evidence is there in black and white, it's time for some professional advice. And three out of four Dermatologists judge the medicated ingredient in Tegrin effective in fighting problem dandruff:

Prove it to yourself. Use Tegrin regularly for clean, healthy-looking hair.

Based on findings from a 2001 survey.

It was as good a place for a showdown as any. William Neville, Joe Clark's chief of staff and the man elected off and on to ride the political roller coaster of the Turner ride to glory. May 22, was in the job. His wife of 30 years, Marilyn, was in a spinster's dress when she had composed a letter which she left on her bedroom dresser. It read: "The boys and I want you happy, but we also want you alive." There was no written reply. Despite the fact that Bill Neville is 48 years old, smokes 50 Salem cigarettes a day because he's "addicted" and is 30 pounds overweight because he can't find time to exercise, the message was dismissed. Neville, a self-referenced "war-knight," had, no doubt, fled it away under "future baton."

Undaunted, Marilyn awaited her next chance to speak up for herself and their two sons, Lindsay, 15, and Ross, 10. It came one morning in January, before Neville took off on what she calls Joe Clark's "heat-baggage" trip. "I finally had to lock him in the bathroom to have a serious talk with him," she says. "I asked Bill when was the last time he played a game of golf. When was the last time he sat down and relaxed with a good book. He couldn't remember I said, 'Okay. Let's have another look at this life of yours.' If I hadn't done it, he'd be working 38 hours a day."

As it stands, Neville now works 16 hours a day, preparing and preparing, strategizing and advising. Clark is the quiet guy who lets the electorate decide whether Bill Neville has finally become its trap. For Neville, there is no doubt of it. And there hasn't been since the late '80s when the winner of his political stepper was somewhat different. Having risen to political clout in 1986 as an ally to former Liberal minister Judy LaMarsh, Neville had become increasingly disillusioned with the Gaullist-style Trudeauism. Although some legislative skill remained with the Trudeau government, Neville found in Trudeau "a man capable of tearing this country apart, an arrogant, over-you-type of leader who was making Canada a country of confrontation. His style bothered me."

Whether Neville believes his own

Bill Neville: Joe Clark's weatherman

By Jane O'Hearn



Neville: The Times' Joe Clark knows how a hotdog gets his own way

rationale is one thing, but since February 1986, when Clark appointed him chief of staff, an mandate has been solid. Neville has been responsible for the assembly and day-to-day operation of the leader's all-star staff. (There have been problems, including two major personnel overhauls and the loss of nine key people in three years.) He has also helped design policy (which he assumes his forte) and has been a party in every important Tory decision—on all, a position which not only demonstrates

Clark's lapidary treat, but has earned Neville the undivided envy of his peers. "Bill is a very commanding guy," says a former Tory aide. "He's like the spot-light and loves to be close to the power. It gives him a high."

But of all Neville's talents, there is none so moistening, none so positively alluring as the cause of ousting the Liberals from power. For that he reserves an almost missionary zeal.

"Clark has been stumping from almost the first day he came to office," says one Tory insider. "There's only one man in the world with more ambition to defeat Trudeau, and that's Bill Neville."

A former "jock" with a 6'6" Vince Lombardi mentality and heart to match, Neville is an extraordinarily competitive man with a powerful commitment to the political game. He doesn't like to lose—at anything. "I play solitaire to win," he admits. His wife assures she talks of the time she started taking tennis lessons and then playfully challenged her husband to a game. The gauntlet was no sooner dropped, then the two of them were on the court. "He just made match of me," said Marilyn Neville. "I don't play with him anymore." Still, Neville does need her flowers every fortnight, and occasionally even accompanies her breakfast in bed. Naturally, "the girls" say, style, are the best.

It is Day 11 of the election campaign and the Clark entourage—two

bodyguards

—hurries half-pastly into Woodstock, Ontario. The sounds of the Tory team song carry an otherwise arid, cactus-like air, and if only cows were rollers—inside the bus, Clark, wearing a yellow velour cardigan like a little-dog Perry Como, confers. As usual, Neville is not far away, but as amiable as his companion by his presence. Dressed in the corporate fatigues of a three-piece suit, he is one of a host of aides who accompany the leader, settling round the fire like a sleepless night. However, when Clark has a question or a suggestion or a request, Neville, like a mole coming up for daylight, surfaces. "Should I wear my rubber boots today?" asks the leader.

PORTRAIT

The Alberta Vodka Tie Breaker



THE TIE BREAKER:
Into tall glass with crushed ice
Pour in 1 1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka.
Add 2 oz. pineapple juice and
fill with club soda. Garnish with
slice of pineapple.

Now, that's a sure-fire winner.

Make it with one of Canada's most popular vodkas.

Carleton University in 1967, Neville worked eight years as a reporter for United Press International and The Canadian Press. Most of this time was spent in the Ottawa press gallery, "watching politics from the outside." He saw it from the inside in 1965 when he was hired by LaMarsh, following her through a health and welfare portfolio and her stint as secretary of state. "In 1967, Centennial Year, I think I spent the entire year opening arenas," he says. In '68, when LaMarsh quit politics and Trudeau came to power, Neville spent a brief time with Paul Hellyer (the man he had supported for leader), then surfaced as executive assistant to the finance department. Edgar Benson. In '69, Neville called it quits and went into private practice with Bill Lee, a former executive assistant to Hellyer. Together, they formed Executive Consultants and made their money advising large corporations and trade groups on how to deal with government. But after a few years as a private citizen, Neville began thinking there was more to life than a steely-gate safety and a house with a pool in the suburbs. In 1971, he crossed the party lines, went to work as the successful re-election campaign of Toronto Mayor, Vincent Massey's son, John Turner, and hasn't looked back.

But he has noticed it back. "When I worked for Gillies I wasn't necessarily accepted," says Neville. "Some people thought I was a Gore spy." In 1974, Neville sought public office himself, running as a Tory against Liberal John Turner in the riding of Ottawa-Carleton. He lost and, outside of politics, he's been possessed of a political debt with LaMarsh. Neville warned him not to run, but she campaigned for him. "That campaign may not have demonstrated my intelligence, but it sure proved my loyalty," Neville now says. He was defeated by 11,000 votes, and it was back to the back room.

With the Liberals returned to Parliament in spades that year, Neville had not only blown \$60,000 in campaign funds, he also found himself forced out of a job for close to half a year. The Liberals were having their vengeance. Neville maintains that he had several job offers as an Ottawa flunkey for various trade groups. "Turner phoned them when he heard that and told them not to count looking to Finance if they wanted any favors." It was then that the Tories intervened, offering him the job as di-

rector of research under Robert Stanfield's Interprovincial government. "When he challenged Turner, everyone thought it was a pretty picayune issue," recalls Dakota Chang, the Tories' quixotic backbencher. "He was given the research job out of sympathy to try and salvage his career. It took some selling to caucus. He still wasn't altogether trusted."

It was as director of research, however, that Neville met Joe Clark. Two years later, and the day following his election as leader, Clark chose Neville to be his right-hand man. Even his detractors give him credit: "You have to admit Neville's a very smart guy," said one. Here's somebody that starts off at the top of the Tory heap. Of course, if the Conservatives lose the election, Neville will have made a few enemies. If they win, he'll have bags of power."



Back on the bus, Neville is speaking with ex-parties. His jacket is off and although his vest is threatening to ride up over his midriff and off into the sunset, his white shirt is temporarily starched. Above him, Joe Clark, the man whose nickname Neville is referring to power. The task, as Neville sees it, is to convince the electorate that Clark is a leader. Neville bet on that one and endorsed him when Clark was chosen to lead the party. He's wagering a lot more today, and he is convinced the public will come around. That's his job. And Bill Neville doesn't like to lose at anything.

"Bill's got a habit of getting his way," says Marcel Neville. "I remember when we first started dating, we'd only gone out twice and Bill had told a friend of mine that he'd met the girl he would marry. I said to him, 'Who do you think you are?' Well, I married him."



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The last words

Teen readers across the country must have been horrified by Allan Fotheringham's column of gorefest diatribes at *Jerry Goods' in The Face Who Brought You Hank Pappas* (April 10). They must have wondered why, at this moment in our history, he would want to devote whole columns to picking on a man—he has cut his hair, has physical stature, ability to pass ideas together—who simply runs an advertising company in Toronto. What your readers don't know, and Fotheringham certainly wasn't going to tell them, is that Goods wrote a long and thoughtful essay about the failures of political reporting in this country, and cited Fotheringham as an example of a writer who is driven by the demands of a rhetorical exercise which push facts to the side. Why I feel I should write you about this point is that Fotheringham dragged me into a "Michael Callaghan, son of Stanley, brother of Barry" irony. Ironically, Fotheringham's column about Goods put the point. Despite the stridency of his vituperative turns of phrase, there are at least five examples of simple factual mistakes that I now have on the column.

1. Goods didn't do *not invent THE LAND IS STRONG*.
2. Goods never addressed a reflector phonocar with the question "If you don't want to prostitute yourself, then come you're looking for work in a whorehouse?" (check the Goods book).
3. Michael Callaghan did not write the *Twists* (sic) article.
4. Cross-your-heart is a Plauter slogan, not a Wunderbar slogan.
5. Goods traded in a Chrysler Imperial, not a Lincoln, on his new Cofield.

Once again, Fotheringham has had a little lay about his research. Not only has Fotheringham never met Jerry, but he was wrong about me. I am not a chief servant, as described, of the MacLean household. I am not ever at MacLean Advertising, haven't been since 1969. I do reside in the same building in Toronto, however, as do the CBC and a dozen other companies. I am president of *Maxell Communications Incorporated*, an independent company wholly owned by my employees.

There was a little scintilla of truth in Fotheringham's piece. I am a friend of Jerry Goods and months ago he told me he was distressed about the state of political reporting in Canada and that he intended to make a speech about it. He talked to me because of my background in news services, the old *Telepress* newspaper, and as a civic producer. I have many stories to tell, it is true, but

I have been away from the business for a while. I suggested Goods call Larry Zoll, an old friend of mine, to see if Zoll, a great writer in his own right, would provide some first-hand illustrations of Jerry's points.

Larry wrote pages of what he supposed would be material for Goods. However, Goods felt that only a couple of paragraphs were of use.

The copy Zoll wrote was not, as it turned out, the speech that Goods gave. Since that time, as Jerry expanded on his ideas, Zoll has been telling all who will listen that Goods didn't write the speech, Callaghan wrote it. I don't know if Jerry talked to Jerry from time to time, Jerry talked with others with experience in journalism. The result was that Jerry wrote an excellent piece in *Toronto Life* talking of writers like Fotheringham—who manage as reporters, but who merely chisel out gaudy stories.

MICHAEL CALLAGHAN, TORONTO

Mr. or Plauter, slogan. The phrase was applied to Mr. Goods' editor, not his book.

3. I apologize to Mr. Goods! If I mistake his Chrysler for his Lincoln, before he switched to a Caddie—for ethical reasons.

Mr. Callaghan is mistaken. I indeed have met Mr. Goods (another one of us is impossible). Also, if he will examine the *Toronto Life* article which he did not write, he'll find there is not a single example cited of Fotheringham's writing, political or otherwise.

ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM, VANCOUVER

The old shell game

Have to Ken Trulock in *For the Budget Panel*, Sep 8 With Cardboard (March 1982, L) for use, do not want a wad spent on my funeral. A cardboard box may not reflect "an appropriate degree of respect" but an empty shell of a body is all that is left.

E. BARTLETT
RICHMOND, BC

'Excuse'

I was shocked to learn from the article *Taking a Long Constitutional* (March 18) that the federal government was paying George Plauter's legal fees as I see. Plauter's refusing to pay a \$5 parking ticket because of an error in a French word in English is nothing but a ridiculous point. If he thinks it's striking a blow for Quebec or Winnipeg's French heritage, he's wrong. I think he should get off his horseocratic highhorse philosophy and focus his time and energy on a real issue that may even cost him for his national safety.

E. H. SLOAN, FORT ERIE, ONT

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Letters

Other voices, other drums

I beg to differ with Allan Fetheringham's declaration, "Sick of the election before the final week of the blither is over?" in *Political Interruption* (April 30). Perhaps due to Fetheringham's aversion he is insulated with his allies from Ottawa far before the un-expecting electorate has that pleasure. The voters, however, being privy to only some of our representatives' schemes before the call to the electoral post, will now consider privately their varied proposals for the first time in five years. Considering this 37-day "blither" that has finally subsided, the politicos' penitent soliciting our votes in order to control our country's future, the two-month election campaign is the least in which Canadians are entitled. My drum will not be kettibrating, but catching every promise.

RONALD N. LOCH
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

Maggie's Baggage

I offer a toast to Judith Twiss on her well-tempered article *Maggie on the Modelplane* (March 30). It could be Margaret's law that she lacked the foresight to question release of an autobiography at age 30. Her book may leave little room for her to surpass her fame in the future. As a Canadian attending a U.S. college, I am, however, but not surprised, that in the U.S. Maggie's opinion is more newsworthy and consequential than Canada's forthcoming *Referendum*. To cover my embarrassment for Maggie, I have reluctantly called attention to the fact that "Canada has Margaret Trudeau and the States have Billy Carter." This generally evokes a guffaw; it does not, regrettably, erase Margaret's indelirious from anyone's mind.

GAIL RITTENBACH
NORTHFIELD, MINN.

The national scream

In his column *Blood, Flesh and Tears* a Perfect News Story made, but Where's the Russia? (March 18), William Casselman looks not at The National for its in-depth coverage of tragic events while overlooking one major factor: what is The National supposed to do? Most people want to be shocked or held captive by unusual events. Even though it is the news, it still must be entertaining. And remember, The National does have to compete with other stations at 11 p.m.

DAVID LEMMINS
EDMONTON

Beefeater

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B.C. poetry: off the page, onto the stage



I used to be that poetry readings were events held in drafty halls with smoking chugs. Poetica geeks arrived, sat with their coats on. Eight poems read, inaudibly, between feedback strikes from the megaphone. But in Vancouver, a series of seven public poetry readings, launched Feb. 10 and running until Aug. 24, has created that small, intimate and brought out crowds close to 1,000 each for combinations evenings at the Italian Cultural Centre, where the audience eats spaghetti piadina, drinks wine and beer and, when necessary, books the poets.

Montrealian Steve McCaffery, one of the 28 North American poets involved, called the first event "the largest reading I've been to in Canada, not a mention one of the most interesting ever." With whom? "With whom any comments on his poetry?" "No, but mostly people just dropped beer bottles on my toes."

The poets are an eclectic mix of B.C. poets and daughters (Joy Kogawa, George Bowering, Dagmar Marian, Brian Fawcett, other Canadians (Poetry writer Robert Kroetsch and short story writer Callie Thorne) and a lone representative from the San Francisco Bay Generation, novelist Michael Laxness. Perpichard and Michael McCaughre, who declared that "the past is Vancouver's major poet, now." Names lined up for the spring and summer readings include Margaret Atwood, Ed Marley, Marian Engel, and from San Francisco, Gary Snyder, and the aptly named Alice Griswold.

The series, called "Writing in Our Time," was launched by Warren Tallman, an English professor at the University of British Columbia, local poets and a poet and the centre of some controversy. The photo of poets has been questioned—where is Susan Magnante, for instance? Dorothy Ley?—and the battle has raised some eyebrows. The series is a fund-raising effort to help the West Coast literary



An eco piece by Michel (left) and McCaffery: poetry with public surface

process—Talonbooks, Bell Books, New West Books, Intermedia, and Pulp Press—among others—which have been hit hard by grant cutbacks. Tallman justified the 28 poems a combination of "my own had taught students and me," explained Vancouver-based poet David Kroetsch. "I was ready to feel I was a failure if I didn't have a ticket." The readings have created a solid community support for the poets, but expenses have been high, and it remains to be seen whether the poems will ever see much money from the event.

The series began with sound poetry by McCaffery and by Michel, both powerful performers in this exciting poetic direction. Sound poetry is also happening when language is abandoned in favour of visual effects: general chaos, chanta, whispers, screams, coughs and mouth-music. At the same reading, McCaffery and Michel did a piece involving eggs, dropped from a ladder into a bowl, which are then tossed back up, magi-

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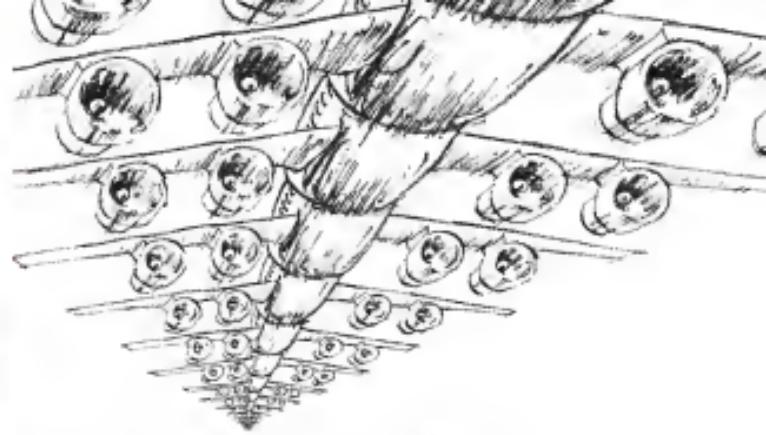
Bill Bissett dispensing verse to a raw crowd

ally reassembled, to the association. "As the eggs get less, the cannellini gets more," later wittily observed. The audience was stunned. McCaffery alluded to the French philosopher Jacques Derrida's theory of deconstruction, and B.C. poet Brian Fawcett sniffed: "He had the eggs up his sleeve." In fact, the eggs were stashed in the folds of Barry Niclou's voluminous velour pants, but the important thing was that the poetry had public surface. "Without the humor," McCaffery says, "it would be lost on the audience."

The night-before poetry discussions, held at the outmoded Seagull's auditorium, were less successful. Robert Kroetsch broke his partial silence only occasionally. During his discussions of medieval and Renaissance poetry, he suggested that the former was to be found only in her parson, later, in the Cost Hotel bar, he enlarged on the subject. It sounds like a tiring time for Kroetsch when Sue Franssen's Fergieberg, liked by one and abhorred by a harp solo, exploded. "I love Canadians," Kroetsch put his hand between his knees. "I thought he was going to be sick," said Brian Fawcett.

There were readings, too. Meanwhile, Vancouver bookstores report a run on poetry, usually the newest, moving them on the shelves; the small presses are still poor, and poetry is attracting a whole new following—if not as readers, as spectators and participants.

—SUSANNE FOULKE



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By Robert Lowe

It is a case of antipathy against Pierre Trudeau and ambivalence about Joe Clark. It is a season when Ed Broadbent, a socialist in Pierre Trudeau's threads, maintains outside the Toronto Stock Exchange; when Conservative leader Falcon Bay, political son of Bob Co致ette's farm federalists, hitchs his star to the Parti Québécois machine. It is an election of riddles, signs and anger. With three weeks to go, one of the few predictables is that the era of the true national party is coming to a close.

Little wonder, then, that last week two national pols placed Liberals and Conservatives in a virtual tie and the undecided vote at more than 30 per cent. True, the readings by Gallup and the CEC were only snapshots of public opinion in the early weeks of the campaign, long before vote intentions tend to fall. But seasoned political backroomers are unsettled. With the exception of the Gallup poll taken 27 days before the 1968 election—the heyday of the Pearson-Deewar deadlock—the undecided vote has not been higher in 37 years.

"The undecided," says veteran Liberal strategist Keith Ducey, "is bigger than in any election in which I've been involved." Says Conservative pollster Robert Trotter of Detroit's Market Opinion Research: "We're probably dealing with an election that won't be decided by more than two or three per cent." Adds the National Campaign Research Board's Steve "All I can say is that nobody knows."

All the more curious, then, that the fifth week of the long campaign centred on the issue of majority government. Pierre Trudeau started it off as he flew toward Winnipeg. Over a private meal of fish, steak and wine with To-

ronto Star reporter Mary Jackson and the CBC's Mark Phillips, Trudeau was provoked into sharing his "inconservative feelings" about minority government. He mused that if the Conservatives fall short of the required 151-seat majority, and his Liberals are five to 10 seats behind the Tories, he would try to negotiate with a minority, backed by Broadbent's New Democrats.

The strategizing went down the slide again with Bob Ducey. "Dumb, dumb, dumb," whispered a Liberal official. "Total arrogance," snorted Broadbent in St. John's, Newfoundland. "You can throw me out, but I won't go," snarled Joe Clark in Perth, New Brunswick.



Poising on the blimp, the other party leaders—Peter Clark said a Conservative minority would govern if the manager of a majority, gave both New Democrats and Co致ette's broadest assent, breather that it is campaigning for a majority and once again dashed the looming reality: "Minority government is not on the ballot." For his part, Ray asserted in Chateaule, Quebec, that "we won't make a deal with minority Liberals or even throw in with the Conservatives in exchange for cabinet posts for Creditistes." In a half-hearted comeback, Trudeau asserted: "We are campaigning for a majority and as we hope we will get one."

Any of the three assertions of April, of course, could disappear in the harsh realities of May 22. For now, however, the leaders are learning matters in the hands of the electors—a potential horde of 15 million which, variously, is believed uncertain or just plain turned off. Historically, about 25 per cent of eligible voters do not go to the polls—and this time there may be more who don't.

Typically, William Blairmore, 35, an Etobicoke, Ontario, office manager, told Maclean's: "I expect to make up my mind within a week of the voting day." Gwain Archer, a downtown Toronto businessman, is even undecided about how to judge her protest: "I'm rather disillusioned with politics and may not even cast a vote. No, I'll probably go to vote, but I might destroy my ballot." John R. P. Clark's son, 22, a student and employee, opted Liberal in 1972 but now wants "the other Conservative or no." "I've been bored and laid off and I've getting sick of it. I just don't think Trudeau is doing enough about it." Regis LaFleche, 26, from Gaspé, is in a foamy caisson quandary on his march away from the NDP: "I don't like Trudeau, but the only problem is, if we get Clark, it



Trudeau leaving Charlottetown (above) and Clark queuing in Toronto. The brave assertions could disappear in the realities

seems like going from the frying pan into the fire."

There was more smoke than light in the two national polls. A CEC/Orbis journalistic survey gave the Conservatives a two-point lead among decided voters over the third and fourth weeks of the campaign: Conservatives 30 per cent, Liberals 28, PC 16 and Creditistes 14, with 31 15 undecided. The monthly Gallup reported the Liberals with a five-point lead among decided voters after 10 campaign days (see Box, Ray): Liberals 31 per cent, Conservatives 26, NDP 17 and "others" two, with undecided at 29.

Anthony Weston, a veteran political analyst who supervised the Carleton study, readily admits that the possible three-point margin of error in the CEC poll is that the persons are "weak and seek." But he is also the one who suggests a Tory majority because of big PC leads in southern Ontario and the lower mainland of B.C. Grits, meanwhile, eye Gallup as a sign of a Liberal victory, although the possible margin of error is four points.

All polls, warns Paul Myles of Goldfarb Consultants Ltd., the Liberal polling firm, are "only a snapshot at a point in time of what is in the marketplace. It's still anybody's ball game. There is evolution on the air."

Who are the undecideds and where are they going? Trotter's numbers place them around 15 per cent, not 30. He is

probably right, since there is a strong correlation between people who say they are undecided and people who won't vote—"the Barbarians," in the usage of one of the most perceptive backroomers in Ottawa. "They don't know and they don't care." In the last eight elections, the Barbarians have averaged 24 per cent of eligible voters. Hence a 30-per-cent undecided rate can, by voting day, actually mean a mere six per cent—which still can tip the balance in enough close races to turn ministries into majorities.

Thus switchers and particularly new and "transient" voters—they vote in one election, but not the next—become a focus of the parties in the closing days. Often it is a chase that burns into a glacial heat.

The lessons of recent political history are something less than reassuring. In a book published this year, four academics have, for a change, produced a useful guide to past voting patterns. Based on a professional survey funded by the Canada Council of 2,582 voters after the 1976 election, 26 per cent of Canadians have voted for a second party at least once. In just two years between the elections of 1972 and 1974, 16 per cent switched parties.

Political Change in Canada: An Analysis of Recent Trends and Short-Run Forecasting (John P. Forrestal and James Jasen and Walter Josephs, eds.) (Montreal: De Gruyter and Associates, 1980), \$15.95.

THE UNDECIDED: Where will they go?



ELECTION
'79

It seems somehow fittingly Canadian that the switch-busters have won more than twice as many seats as the party intent of embracing the new and downright North American that they respond overwhelmingly to the "personality" and "style" of leaders, not issues.

In 1993, despite conventional wisdom, only one and two per cent said controls and other economic issues as "positive" factors in a vote for Trudeau or then-Tory leader Robert Stanfield, respectively. But 68 per cent rated "personality" and 36 per cent "style" as Trudeau positives. For Stanfield, the corresponding figures were 33 and 12 per cent.

But the study finds that new and "transient" votes can be more important than switchers. In 1993, for example, more switchers moved away from the Liberals than came over from other parties. But the Liberals hardened their majority by offsetting their loss of switchers with first-time voters and "transients," numbering roughly 700,000.

The challenge of the parties is first to turn them on—then the issue leaders' dashes across the land by jet and the ad campaigns on television (see page 68). "They tend," says Werrell, "not to be greatly concerned with issues. They tend to put more stock in leadership. Victory in the end may go to the leader with the very high-profile campaign."

Superficially, backslid-leader Trudeau has the edge. But the CCP is hoping that stirring issues will boost its chances of getting 38 seats. The Tories, meanwhile, are betting that voters have, after 11 years of Trudeau, changed their perception of leadership and associate the president of the country with Trudeau. An one must put a "charisma" is now equated with erratic and toughness with dimension." But, as the fellow says: "While the negatives about Trudeau are every bit as strong, the jury is still out on Clark, although there is modest improvement."

Not surprisingly, then, Trudeau spends a lot of time attacking Clark and, as he did last week in Vancouver, asserting that "I don't see any evidence of a creature that is in there, down the den." But confirmed by backslid and beats' anti-Freedom sentiment, which seemed to deflate him, Trudeau's H.G. swing was fast and low-key. Only at week's end did he seem to catch fire again, confronting protesters, gesticulating style, in London, Ont., and shouting out his call for strong central government.

Clark, meanwhile, tried to mock everything that Trudeau stands for, including his gangster status, as he posed, briefly, before a military microphone. The momentum of the campaign seemed to be with Clark who, stung by many of a Burnside-wrapped campaign, held a press conference and vowed to debate the other leaders—something which, in a tight race, could have a decisive impact (see page 25).

As Maclean's writer Ian Urquhart reports, Clark's uncharacterised responses on



Mulroney at Saint John, and word of all, emergency debate of measures in Yvesville

embassy to Jerusalem" because it could "obfuscate" the prospects for an agreement.

Broadbent spent a rough campaign week. He was beaten by bad weather in Northern Ontario, agreed that the 1992 exercise by his labours had led to a slight increase in the amount of all-too-expensive wine in Toronto. Accordingly, Broadbent scrubbed a meeting in so-so Charlottetown and flew to Toronto where, he announced a proposal to pay families earning less than \$30,000 up to \$1,000 a year to keep new mortgages at eight and one per cent instead of the current rate of 11. The scheme would cost \$300 million in the first year but would self-destruct if mortgage rates fell below one per cent.

Rising possible voter wrath, the three leaders threw off some pretenses in other party areas. In Halifax, Broadbent joined the others in proposing a \$30-million bell-out of the troubled Halifax shipyard but urged government control of the company. In BC, Trudeau promised a \$45-million Crown corporation to promote agricultural exports; in London, he suggested a meeting with the provinces to reform pension policy aimed at reducing private funds against inflation and including home-makers in the Canada Pension Plan for the first time. In Peterborough, Ont., Clark advocated spending \$80 million more to create jobs for young people, including a community good-works corps.

Celebrity Ray, meanwhile, was up to his ears in Parti Québécois damage in the Lou St. Jean area. His touring was so poorly organized, reports Maclean's Quebec bureau chief David Thomas, that Ray, principally freed from the need to be a showman, had to take to describing the new sole-line Ordinaires candidates as "them." But with Ordinaires showing fully 60 per cent of Quebec voters endorsed, the Liberal push for at least 45 of Quebec's 72 seats for a minority was still being threatened.

The CCP/Québécois poll also cast doubts on Liberal hopes for 45 seats in Ontario. But even the Tories conceded that those 30 points spread in the poll in southern Ontario is exaggerated, and is closer to eight or 10 points—still enough, given Tory domination in the West, to put the Conservatives within range of a majority.

Says one Conservative official looking at the landscape: "People want a change. The question is, can they get a change with Trudeau? Can they change a change with Clark?" □



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The back-room boys decide to play a little one-on-one

The final decision to go ahead with the televised leadership debate couldn't have been reached in a better setting: a meeting held yesterday in Ottawa on Mayague Friday, a false fire-plane (fable) meeting at the background. The fireplane was at least as interesting with the two main contenders for the debate—both were pretending to be far more than they really were.

The back-room debate over the public debate began in earnest early last week, when the three parties and three networks got together to line up at least one tamer. The issue was between the network pro's proposal—a panel of three journalists and the three leaders kept "within non-negotiable reach of each other" for 90 minutes—and the Progressive Conservative party's reluctance either to share a stage equally with war leader Ed Broadbent or suffer the interruptions of the journalists. The Tories preferred a return to a 1978 model one-on-one proposal that called for three separate one-on-one debates and "no questioning panel of journalists."

The networks offered a hastily prepared amendment: a two-hour show to begin at 7 p.m. on May 12, with three one-on-one "debates." Clark and Treu-



deau to meet last, and with three journalists present: "to keep them honest," as one network executive put it. But the Tories would not agree to the journalists' role and the Monday meeting broke up in anger. Fortunately, CBC executive Peter Herndorf suppressed the party's fireplane five days later.

Within hours of the Monday fiasco Ed Broadbent was making national headlines by claiming his party had "walked out of a debate." Whether purposely or accidentally, Broadbent's aides apparently neglected to tell him about the upcoming Friday meeting, so his interpretation was understandable, if incorrect. A confidential memo obtained by Maclean's shows that, on the previous Sunday night, top-level Tories were meeting on a debate. Still,

up to 9500 was supposed to shift the emphasis to individuals, but all three parties were still heavily on their backroom sources of support. The accompanying chart shows what corporations, the Liberals and Conservatives have been spending in recent years and what they expect to spend this campaign. The non-partisan sources begin to emerge from unreported past campaigns (1976/77 from the CEC) and its ultimate source the 1974 election, and is undoubtedly reflecting smaller pledges right now. However, the \$1.274.666 in union funds received from 1974 to 1977 come in relatively small amounts, most all in payroll check-off donations from individual union members.

Surprisingly, the Liberal leadership is receiving money from corporations. In 1977 they got \$188,910 from company donors, including \$10,000 from Pitts Engineering Construction of Toronto, \$7,500 from the House of Commons, \$5,300 from Lubad Breweries, \$4,000 from Wood Gundy, \$3,000 from Dorval Donations and \$2,500 from the Toronto Dominion Bank. In their latest year the Liberals received just \$1.154 in total from trade unions and the Conservatives a paltry \$432.

they were by no means as anxious as the NDP for a debate, according to Lawrence Well, the oil man behind NDP's hopes. "The debate is extremely important, critically important."

It only became critical for the Tories after Broadbent put Clark's back to the wall on Monday night, and when Wednesday's Gallop poll indicated the Conservatives were the favorite, not the Liberals. Speaking to a rally in Toronto on Wednesday, Clark said: "At last we've been able to get the networks to come to our terms and allow us to have a head-to-head debate with Pierre Elliot Trudeau." An aide added privately that the Tories were confident the networks would agree to drop the panel of journalists.

But the networks would not agree to it. The Friday proposals which were quickly agreed to were essentially "the same thing we were discussing Monday," said one Vice-President Don Garrow. Not so, said an representative of Peter MacEachern, the journalists now would serve only as "backups" to the real debate. The situation now, he said, was "ideal."

Whether there was a rationale difference between Monday and Friday is a small point. "We don't care about face-saving," said one of the network executives. "We just care about putting this program on the air." Considering the back-room drama was seen by only seven people, and the debate will attract between six and seven million viewers, that attitude would seem the proper one.

Ray MacEachern

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Gulf	\$ 45,647	\$ 74,000	\$ 74,000
Hecker Sheldley	\$ 90,000	\$ 90,000	\$ 90,000
Imca	\$ 71,200	\$ 77,000	\$ 77,000
Montreal Nurses	\$ 45,000	\$ 45,000	\$ 45,000
Montreal Telephone	\$ 45,818	\$ 46,000	\$ 46,000
Power Corp.	\$ 36,146	\$ 36,000	\$ 36,000
Royal Bank	\$ 80,000	\$ 80,000	\$ 80,000
Scotiabank	\$ 43,000	\$ 43,000	\$ 43,000
T-D Bank	\$ 60,000	\$ 60,000	\$ 60,000

Quebec: the power lies along the great divide



By David Thomas

I happened halfway through the campaign, at the end of an all-night, outdoor rally behind the stone church at St-Rémi-en-de-Ferme. As the crowd dispersed into the rays of spring sunlight glistening from the silver steels, the Royal Canadian party's chief Quebec organizer and undisputed party public works minister, André Boisvert, stepped for the microphones to announce to the double-founded villagers: "A Chauvin, a Jeanne and Joe Clark are dead." With the blood drained from the face of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's eroding campaign, this, the balking Quebec continued his joke. "The two Gentiles report to Saint Peter that they died of drowsing. Clark, however, died of despair because 'Two just men from Quebec where the only people who wanted to vote for me were the Chinese and the Japanese.'"

These things were wrong with Quebec's attempted jest: it was racist, no one laughed and it was false. Though the minister implied no true Quebecois would vote anything but Liberal, the party's apparent stranglehold on the province is due more to a pervasively distorted electoral system than to blind Liberal loyalty. In 1974, for example, 1.8 million Quebecers did vote Liberal but 1.1 million voted against them. Trudeau's party managed, nonetheless, to amass 69 of 75 seats. Worse, the Con-

Boisvert and Quebec's strangled due to a pervasively distorted system



servative gained 31 per cent of the Quebec ballot but took just three ridings while third-ranking Social Credit, with 27 per cent of the vote, won 11 seats. So, as the country ploughs toward a House of Commons split along the language line—English-speaking Conservatives facing French-speaking Liberals—the cause is not as much cultural animosity as a system that doves up power according to seats won, not total votes gained. The outcome potential is recognized by the Task Force on Canadian Unity which recommended in its report last January that new seats be shared out among the parties according to their popular vote in each province—a form of proportional representation that would, for example, ensure Conservative leader Joe Clark enough Quebec seats, without the waste of national seats.

More than electoral injustice explains Conservative pre-eminence in the province. Of all the historic grievances suffered by French Canadians by Conservative governments, including repressive of French schooling in Ontario and Manitoba and the bungling of Métis leader Louis Riel, and, while the Liberals who have had three French-speaking leaders, the Conservatives have never chosen a chief that could effectively be understood in the language of Quebec. Though Clark boasted in Regina that his command of French spread Quebec to the Conservative message, when he reached farming-capital St. Hyacinthe a few days later he boasted his tongue attempting to promote the French word for agriculture.

Behind the high-sounding appeal for national unity, the Liberal campaign in Quebec strains with park-bench politics on a grand scale. In the small town of St. Gédéon, near the U.S. border, Liberal partisans removed a sign announcing that the community scene where Trudeau was speaking had been paid for by the provincial government. Inside, Trudeau remanded his rural audience that Quebec milk producers get an average \$5.00 a quart in federal subsidies.

Trudeau's cult, outside Quebec, for a strong central government began somewhat under the weight of nationalism within the province but has now appeal for a strong pro-Quebec central power Quebecers, he says, "have to play the game of federalism they know. It is important to have a strong government in Ottawa to defend them against the anglophone majority." That anguished fits with the Liberals' exceptional language slogan—*Parti Québec* (Speak French, Quebec).

But, come May 22, Quebec's voice is likely to include a prominent segment: Social Credit leader Fabien Roy, whose high-pitched, anti-Ottawa speech is a dark call to Parti Québécois followers Roy—whose neck poles through shirt collars two sizes too big and whose head tends to stretch forward like a turtle's from its shell—has no easy task in selling his new pre-independence importers and the old-line, rural Social

Creditors, whose loyalties remain the late and aridly federalist Stéphane Casgrain. Social Credit's grass-roots go down a wide band of dairy country running from northwestern Quebec through the St. Lawrence Valley from which, in 1962, Cassette played as a surprise 30 Quebec seats. It's a memory that tantalizes Premier René Lévesque, who desperately wants to see Trudeau lose power because of personal antipathy between the two and because he thinks an English-speaking Conservative government would strip Quebecers from donning their loyalty toward Quebec City and Ottawa. Lévesque's open backing of Roy—and Roy's own admission that half of current Social Credit members also belong to the PQ—may alienate many of the declining, right-wing countryfolk who are the Credit's traditional clients.

If anyone can face Québécois and Creditists into a voting thing machine it is the 58-year-old Roy. A native of the prosperous Beauce region south of Quebec City, Roy is a former lumberjack and truck driver who built his personal wealth as a self-made credit union manager. Elected to the provincial National Assembly as a Social Creditor in 1970, Roy split with the party and then helped form the dissident Parti National. Together with former provincial justice minister Jérôme Choquette Roy, who speaks no English and like many rural Quebecers drinks his beer warm, is an old-fashioned, crowd-pleasing orator, but not the mesmerizing demagogue that was Cassette.

Roy is the party's third leader since Cassette died in 1976 and, without Cassette, Social Credit founders, leaving one Mr. Stéphane Maté, is an ideological fight and another, Gilbert Raudouin, is an ardent socialist. Given its organizational disintegration and the uncertain effect of PQ involvement, it appears Social Credit will do well if it takes down seats. But among them are ridings that Trudeau's Liberals are counting on to compensate for expected losses outside Quebec. If Roy succeeds in denying Trudeau sufficient Quebec seats to stay in power, he will have helped realize the Quebec-English Canada polarization of Parliament desired by Quebec extremists. Should Roy hold the balance of power in such a Parliament, Canada's new government may find it impossible to govern without the tacit assent of Roy's backer, the Parti Québécois.

As the country task force warned, the best way to avoid such a scenario is a major reform of the electoral system to reflect better the true strengths of the Conservatives inside Quebec and the Liberals in English Canada. Such a reform cannot occur before May 22. After that, it may be too late. ☐

The parties of the third part

On paper, Quebec's three political parties promote the emergence of third parties. Liberal-dominated Quebec continues that rule, but fewer than three horsepower "third parties" will be on the federal ballot in the province.

Most important is Fabien Roy's unpredictable amalgam of Depression-born Social Credit and the child of the 1960s, the Parti Québécois. Social Credit's reservoir of bankers and as streak of anti-Semites still show at the party's campaign opening May 22 candidate, Raymond Parent was approaching crisis with the line: "It's a lot harder to get money from the bank if your name is Béthune."

The PQ-local Credit alliance, previewed the first real poll in the independence movement since its rise to power a new successor party—the Union Populaire.

The *Financement Parti-Pouvoir* (Parties élites and happy wallowing in money)

has—but nominated candidates in 24 ridings by last week. Led by Jean-Louis Lévesque, former editor of provincial Cultural development ministry, *Confidence*, the Union Populaire is a collection of uncompromising nationalists for whom the iron's saturation of fiscal credit is an act of criminal apportionment.

Quebec's third party is the whimsical Parti Réverend led by author Jacques Forest Fighting. At fifth federal election, the Réverend promises, it would not keep any of its promises. Among them: an increase in the worth of Canadian currency by changing it from dollars to mèdes, the melting down of bullion to make spoons, creation of a Crown corporation to sell off resources seized by the state.

Why the rhinoceros symbol? Because, says the party leader, "it is a perfect symbol of the federalist oligarchy: clumsy, thick-skinned and happy wallowing in mèdes."

David Thomas



The senator in the sunglasses

Finally blind in a cabinet test, results were to trouble him.

realized why he had no knowledge of *scuba* wrongdoing. During his two-year term of office, 1968 to 1970, he complained, his eyesight had been rapidly deteriorating so that soon he couldn't drive a car, yet headlines were discernible on newspapers and reports were read with magnifying glasses. In 1970, totally blind in one eye, he resigned his cabinet post, concluding, "By then I was in terrible reading condition."

His story seemed a tragic game of blindman's buff, since McIlrath's bad vision prevented him from acquiring several insightful revelations about actor Huguenin. Only with great difficulty

to read on unclassified versions of the 1968 MacKenzie report, a royal commission study on security, which originally warned: "A security service will inevitably be involved in actions that may contravene the spirit if not the letter of the law." And later, on Nov. 26, 1968, just before a second eye operation, McArthur attended a cabinet committee meeting on prescribed and planned legislation, including a proposal to warn that "any measure that is introduced to Parliament to make it a criminal offence that is contrary to law and which would pose unacceptable and embarrassing to a properly administered police force." Although that was read aloud at the meeting, McArthur didn't have a chance to say it beforehand because of his eye surgery. Nor, he said, was he found on it orally.

McInnis's poor vision, however, caused me to remove all the headers of his manuscript responsibility for the RCMP. The only senator's testimony in first day the witness stand conflicted sharply with evidence presented earlier by John Keay, then director-general of the Security Service. In a handwritten note, Keay had written a memo to Brethot the day before the cabinet meeting, when "I mentioned to the minister that the RCMP had in fact been carrying out illegal activities for two decades." Later, querying closely about the note during parliamentary meetings of the commission, Keay added: "This was just a reference between George McInnis and myself and it was lucky I kept the note. I might have shocked it out." Brethot however, denies that the

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nothing ever took place. "He is living about somewhere else," McInerney said.

markottetown

dirt farmer turns fresh sod

less days after his sweeping 25-to-12 defeat of the Prince Edward Island Liberal government last June, Progressive Conservative Leader John MacLean took the last day of rest he is likely to have for a while. Presented by a loyal staff of 12, he filled all the phone calls and e-mails he had during the constitutional intermission who had managed to get through, before spending the day on his blueberry farm at Lovers, 27 miles southeast of Charlottetown.

the leader of a party jubilant at its return to power after 13 years in bushes. MacLean has his work cut out for him. As far as I can invariably depend on him, he is a man of remarkable integrity and a man of great personal charm. He has a solid record from 25 years spent in Ottawa as a Tory before taking over the provincial reins in 1952. But the day after defeating the Liberal government, left outside Ottawa, he went on national radio to declare: "In campaign promises, some of which I carried out, will be necessary to harmonize his predecessor's programs. Back from the farm, he is especially to "do something" about the anachronistic government plan" (the cliff house name than doubled in size during the 33 Liberal years). He wants to expand the federal-provincial comprehensive development plan during his five-year phase to stimulate the old-established primary industries (mining and fishing) instead of tying intermediate manufacturing expansion to the production of primary products.

He said, "at that stage of the story has it spent in ways not beneficial to the and its future advantages."

One of his more concerns about the and's future is seen in his determination not to let it become dependent on nuclear power. In a conservation essay, P.E.I. MacLeay's denunciation this-principle, Beattie Campbell's offering to buy five per cent of the solar of New Brunswick's Point Lepreau nuclear power station when it comes on stream next year made highly charged form fare. "We feel it is completely appropriate for P.E.I.," he was still saying after taking office. But finding alternate sources of electricity looks to be greatest challenge.

Before 1996, PEI generated all its power with three oil-burning units but, as petroleum prices skyrocketed, it became cheaper to buy New



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World

Who will have 'the last chance'?

Voteless apart (see box), the British election campaign focused on all of the tried and trusted issues—the cost of living, the various state ownerships. But as Margaret Thatcher's Tories led the field into the final countdown to Thursday's voting one factor, paradoxically hidden away, dominated all others.

Two sharp relief the "good doctrinal fight" at the heart of the election. It's true that Britain is far from being an oil culture, and the much analysed symptoms of the British disease still

dominate campaign rhetoric. In Hitler's the imports would with a gesture and greater abandon an authority make the double-digit oil shock worse again. Across the country there are the ongoing economic irritants—shipyard closures, with more to come, the doubtful future of British Leyland. As well, the British are lied to when they are paying most in the European Community, even though they are one of its poorest members.

But behind the usual litany of complaints and worries lies North Sea oil—the great unexplored issue of the campaign. Put aside simply, the winner of this "two-fight election," as Callaghan has dubbed it, will preside over a jump in oil and gas revenues from a modest \$5.6 billion in 1973 to an estimated \$10.5 billion in 1985. By next year Britain will become the only industrial Western country that is self-sufficient in energy.

The differences between the main parties about how they will spend the money are at the heart of the never-ending debate about what should be done to reverse the country's long-term industrial decline. Callaghan's Labor party wants to subdue the overextended, under-invested industry back to life (already about 400,000 jobs depend on oil plus a yearly cost of \$2 billion) and build a few extra roads and hospitals with the leftovers.

In other words, he would continue the middle-of-the-road policies of his three-year tenure which, Thatcher says, is reduc-

ing Britain to a "nation on the sidelines." Her Tories instead want to pull the government out of the marketplace, sell off nationalized industries like shipbuilding and aerospace, reverse the threatened cuts in union power by cutting taxes for all and then push ardently for the old work incentive to return to the British worker. That, according to Callaghan, will simply result in a "free market free-for-all" and add another millstone to the ailing Lloyd. But the very fact that Britain has any measurability at all is entirely due to what the Governor of the Bank of England, Gordon Richardson, calls "a stroke of good fortune."

Since the disastrous year of 1975, when the pound took a dive, inflation ran at about 15 per cent and the balance-of-payments deficit reached a horrendous \$25 billion, oil has been slowly fueling a cautious recovery. Now the pound is extremely popular (rising last week to \$1.02 Canadian) and oil has contributed about \$16.5 billion to the balance of payments (which last year reached a \$10.5 billion surplus compared to Canada's \$5.5 billion deficit).

But as far as oil has brought with it the oil-chaos, non-oil-economy, non-oil-nationalization, Britain's underlying oil that many have hoped for instead of confidence there is a growing ambivalence about the benefit of oil. "Things are not getting much better, as people thought," says a leading London economist, P.T. Blackaby. "All it's doing is getting less worse."

Lord Frank Pakenham, the finny head of the British National Oil Corporation, echoes the concern of a rapidly growing number of lawmakers who he says "The potential oil and gas given us is a chance to come out really on top. The chance is there. But by being there, it takes away the feeling that it is now or never." Already there are persistent mutterings that the oil economy—like the \$4.8 billion a year worth of gas—will merely "desperately try to sustain without a trans," as Kearton puts it.

Certainly, a strengthened pound and the first real success in disposable incomes last year merely resulted in a spending spree on Italian refrigerators and German gadgets. Car sales, for instance, rose 20 per cent while home car production rose a meager seven per cent. As Michael Parker of the National Coal Board puts it, "Oil allows us to ride out our oil-based ways with impunity."

That oil has not proved as all-saving scenario is partly due to the fact that, even at peak production, it will account for only five per cent of the GNP (compared to Saudi Arabia's 70 per cent). Blackaby likes it to having "a large new successful industry whose products you are sure of selling." But mostly the

possible last chance of oil underpins the unpopularity—some would say complacency—that permeates the bad oil in Britain's forties.

Victor Hox, the English-born head of Marley-Fergusson, the leather factory in Coventry (located in the western midlands at one point working only five days a week because of inflation), has no patience with Britons who insist

things are not so bad. "If you're improving every year, why are things getting worse?" he asks.

In order to prove to himself that

the recurrence of corruption is particularly disturbing, considering the punge when the Yard began in 1972 by then commissioner Sir Robert Peel. He had got rid of 400 "bad" policemen by 1977 including some squad members who had peddled pornography and numerous senior



thatcher interval) and North Sea oil '86 shows us to pull out our wicked ways!

By Angela Fernandes

From the air they look like four fragile candles flickering in the middle of the churning North Sea. But as the small jet swoops over the North—the rock of field halfway between Scotland and Norway—the candles suddenly turn into dense 100-foot gas flares, the candlesticks into 60,000-oil platforms grasping the seabed 400 feet below. British Petroleum shelled out \$24 billion to put them there and already they have been rewarded with \$4.8 billion of oil. The workhorses of the United Kingdom's 19 North Sea oil fields, the Persian pump out 27 per cent of the country's needs.

To be out there in the wind-blown field, to see the little helicopters buzzing around the platforms. The indifferent grunts, in the only way to give substance to the staggering statistics. As one PR public relations man, Peter Pitts, puts it, "London still feels it difficult to believe this is real." But as Britain chooses between fatherly Jim Callaghan and fighting mad Margaret Thatcher, it is nonetheless the powerful light from those candles which carves



defectives convicted on bribery charges. Then McAlpin, a paramedic, was beaten "The Hammer" was called in to resolve her and internally the cleaver. Early in his reign McAlpin tried to make his grandmother on laundry. "It's a drab, drab," but he lamented in recent television interviews that his company would never be rooted out completely. The reputation of the British bobby, it seemed, might be gone for good.

James Fleming

there are, indeed, tangible benefits from North Sea oil, the average Briton would have to trek all the way up to Aberdeen on Scotland's wind-swept northeastern coast. There is the once-harbor-attributed hills surrounding the old port, modern housing projects stretch out for miles. New gastronomes like the Orange Grove display exotic foods the locals have seldom seen before. New internationally favored restaurants have replaced the old-fashioned tearooms.

Already, the industry has attracted young Britons to the ranks of high-gold swindlers who work the world's oil rigs. Altogether about 180,000 jobs have been created, most of them in Scotland. But off's biggest contribution is that it has brought a new sense of national contact with a high-return, high-risk industry with a do-it-now, it's-right mentality that has shaken up entrenched ways. Wages in all businesses are up (as are the prices of every commodity, especially housing) and unemployment troubles are缓解ed.

Ronald Fraser, a scatty third-generation Londoner, is typical of the people who are making the most of the boom. He started an engineering company to service the pipelines five years ago, giving me debt of £100,000. He's now earning £45 million of business a year and drives the only Ferrari most locals have ever seen.

There are countless stories as well of marginal businesses that folded because they couldn't compete with the big-time wangs, and many old-timers who review the "monolithic" impersonality of the oil industry. But confidence is as palpable there as uncertainty is in most other parts of the country.

Whether the "last chance" offered by oil will be Mase's will be largely determined by the party choices this week to run the country for the next five years. The big question in London these days is will Britain bribe the bullet? Will the system be finally reorganized to deal with that old bogy of unproductive workers who are overpaid, industry that hasn't been modernized, management that is indulged, unions that have become too powerful, dying industries that should be quietly put to rest. Will the price for a more productive society be a less equal one? Will the voters go for a radical change by voting for Thatcher or a much slower-paced, cushioned change under the smooth hand of Callaghan?

In the end, the choice may depend as just how much of a motivation oil has presented between a bright new future and the deteriorating present. To see it, the average Briton should talk to someone like 31-year-old Simon Barnes, an addresser who left dairy farming in Devon to risk his life in the depths of

the North Sea where he earns up to £70,000 a year. Apart from taking up page-boying, shooting and paying for riding lessons for his daughter, he hasn't changed his life at all. His wife and children still live on her farm while he commutes in Aberdeen. Had he stayed on the farm he might have earned £20,000 a year as most of his friends do. Even in their modest estimates they can never guess how much he earns and, nevertheless by the difference, he is careful not to tell them.

After all, the average Briton could

trudge to Hockney Road in East London, past the gilded storefronts and boarded-up houses. There, in the rambling rooms of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for children, where the swinging walls are peeling, the sinks are overflowing and the only welcoming sign is a bunch of plastic flowers which faded long ago, he would see the biggest division of what Callaghan calls "the caring, sharing society." □

Rhodesia

Was it a vote or a con job?

It was a long process, two days of counting more than 1.5 million ballots under tight security in a country where, from Rhodesia's first one-man, one-vote election. But in the end the country had finally selected its first black prime

minister—who, under the environmental universal suffrage plan, will lead a limited transfer of power from the white minority to the black majority in early June. It wasn't much of a surprise.

Massive rallies crowded the bubble burst



Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the dominant American-educated Methodist, accepted almost two-thirds of the vote and 51 of the 72 black seats (68 seats are reserved for whites for the first 10 years of the new government).

As the results were being counted, there was an air of white euphoria. The election had gone smoothly, the turnout was high, and for the first time they felt they had "had a say" for the outside world that Rhodesia supported the transition to self-government. No one was bothered to react to charges from guerrilla leader Joshua Nkomo that the election was a "farce." But the bubble was quickly burst by an accident much closer to home. Rev. Ndabazulu Shabani apparently charged "gross irregularities" in the election, which he said had been "stage-managed" by the government. There were no specifics, and to many it appeared that he was known as the father of black nationalism in Rhodesia, who spent more than 30 years in detention for his "subversive activities," simply couldn't stand coming in second, with only 12 seats.

But soon Lord Chilcot, one of the British observers, was citing mass intimidation condoned by the authorities and labeling the election a "gross violation of rights." In Ottawa, External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson and Canadians wouldn't recognize the new government and by week's end the 40 members of the African bloc in the United Nations were calling for an urgent Security Council meeting to consider a move to condemn the election.

Inside Rhodesia, Shabani's charges set the government into an angry spasm. Prime Minister Ian Smith called an emergency meeting with advisers to determine how to handle it. But Muzorewa confidently predicted that the West would be forced to accept his government, although in private some of his advisers admitted such would depend on the outcomes of the recent British election. Only with the Conservative Party does the country have any hope of recognition.

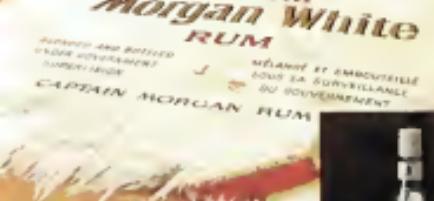
Without the lifting of sanctions, Zimbabwe-Rhodesia (as it is now to be called) was likely to be as trashed as it was under white rule. And there was no sign of that happening. Quite the reverse. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance said that as far as the U.S. was concerned any move to do so would only be made after President Jimmy Carter had analyzed the fairness of the elections, and warned Congress not to impose the ban. At week's end, Rhodesians were beginning to wonder whether the election really marked a turning point, as Smith had led them to believe, or just more of the same—definitely.

Robbie Wright

Spain

Dribbling up to fame and fortune

Left, young Julian Crayff is an unknown, so far as the world on the soccer field and last week he signed a one-year contract with the New York Cosmos which should enable him to show a clean pair of heels to at least some of



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the financial troubles that, along with rumors about his lady-killing exploits, had dogged him until lately.

The Dutch international superstar, 30 this week, really hit the big time in 1973 when he was transferred from his Dutch club Ajax to Barcelona, for more than \$5 million. Crayff got 30 per cent of that and since, he was acclaimed El Rey (the King) as he sharpened his skills with the club via the Spanish league championship.

Crayff opened a Swiss bank account, appeared in television commercials and demanded fees of \$500 for interviews



Thailand

A new label for the same old wine

It took a certain gall, like sticking a card deck in full view of one's opponents. After his coup d'etat of 1977, Thai leader General Kriangsak Chomphuwan promised elections, after a year, and a return to civilian government. But well before the votes were counted last week, it had become clear that Kriangsak was taking no chances. On the eve of the voting he appointed 220 senators, and one of their first jobs was to pick a prime minister; so although he failed to secure even a simple majority in the 300-seat, popularly elected House of Representatives, Kriangsak seemed safe enough in claiming the right to form the next government.

That was the new label. But there will be chances aplenty to test the new government, for Kriangsak will find it almost impossible to push legislation through the House. The man with the greatest strength there, former prime minister Kukrit Pramoj, with 85 seats, has made it plain that his party will lend the government no support.

One of the most pressing is a series of problems the new government must face. In the recent flood of Cambodian refugees (since the weekend of the election, some 30,000 have streamed across

frontier), the stacking of cards at the table

the mutual border to escape the war and "new anarchy" by the Vietnamese-backed racing forces of Heng Samrin, the Cambodian leader.

On paper, Kriangsak's reaction has been to shelter all the refugees following an American pledge of some money for their welfare. But border authorities seem to have other instructions. They have been forcing most Cambodians back at passport. "The responsibility is in the heavy and American pledges take too long to be translated into reality anyway," said one army officer.

Another—and likely stronger—reason why the refugees are being returned is to avoid giving the Vietnamese any pretext for crossing the border in hot pursuit of guerrilla forces. The Thai old policy of being "friends with everybody" was feasible so long as Cambodia remained a buffer against Vietnamese expansion. But as the Vietnamese took dividends, one up to the Thai border, and a pro-Vietnamese government took Phnom Penh, during the year, all that changed. Cambodians and new settlers have become increasingly more belligerent toward Thailand—and last week's fierce fighting in Cambodia made it seem that Thailand would be hard put to avoid being sucked into the conflict.

Such dilemmas are even more awkward since inflation is near 12 per cent, fuel reserves are down to a two-month supply and capital funds are leaving the country for safer havens. As a number of economists in Thailand have observed, the problems seem too numerous for any government—and certainly than for one which lacks sufficient elected mandate. In those terms that could mean yet another military coup d'etat.

Errol de Silva



Croft: satisfied on the green, but...

about his private life. "People want entertainment that will give them a lift. I can provide that entertainment, and I don't see why I should not be well paid for it," he said. By last year, when he quit Barcelona, he had earned \$2 million from the club and was paid after his leaving work may have put the figure up to \$6 million.

But the Spanish press was publication's latest in a series of how he and his colleagues dispelled themselves at after-match banquets. On one trip to Casablanca a Moroccan prince paid out along five hours to Croft's hotel—and not all were turned away. On another occasion Croft was said to have been paid by his wife, Dany, herself, amounting to a fifth, covering less than respectfully with female fans in a hotel swimming pool. Fellow Dutch star Johan Neeskens, also likely to sign for the Cosmos, fed the fire by leaving his wife for a Barcelona playgirl.

But it was on the business front that Croft's fortunes really came unstuck. First, with his father-in-law, Carter, then with a former Paris Casino male model turned wheeler-dealer, Michel Georges Bensoussan, Croft got involved in a series of improbable business enterprises ranging from special armistice paper to selling carts in Arabs. The result: a reported \$80-million debt to the banks and a nasty public wrangle between the two former partners.

The final blow, however, came from the Spanish finance ministry which threatened stern action to gather unpaid taxes. Bensoussan has accepted part of the responsibility. But that still leaves Croft with some paying out to do: in my nothing of \$75,000 (Bensoussan's estimate) lost through his business ventures.

When Croft left Barcelona he never knew he was no longer interested in professional soccer. But Cosmos paid him \$400,000 for first option should he change his mind. Last week he did so, for a salary somewhat smaller than the \$4 million he said for, and soon Johan Cruyff will be treating North America to the might that may now more have made him a millionaire. David Baird



U.S.A.

A balding eagle in full flight

By William Lowther

President Jimmy Carter changed the part in his hair—from the right side to the left—and flew up to New Hampshire last week to campaign for re-election a full 10 months before voting day. But his new look, styled to hide an expanding bald patch, could not cover up the worry that is evident in such an easily start the trail. Carter is in trouble and he knows it.

At the weekend the headlines chronicled his hair's productivity was down, indicated so far this year up to a five-year high of 10 per cent—and the structure seems deteriorating. Treaty with the Soviet Union was in difficulty with the senators. In short, major concern at home and abroad were in bad shape. So Carter needed an early start at finding friends for next year's bid for a second four-year term and New Hampshire was chosen as the state with the first presidential primary, in late February.

The winner there is marked as the front-runner and, historically, nearly always wins his party's nomination. So the primary has a psychological

importance far above its relevance.

The visit also gave the president a chance to test his old charm—and a new one. He was the primary in 1976 as a Washington outsider ready to shake up the capital and get things done. Last week he told another potential winner "the outsider's under." He played the role almost flawlessly. The top point of the trip was a town meeting at the administration's new South Haven High School. Carter took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and wowed the 1,300-strong audience with all his old amiability and friendly touch.

One particularly soggy statement nearly brought the house down. Said Carter: "Most of the time when we read the newspapers or see the evening television or listen to the radio, what we hear about are the current problems. What we don't hear enough about is the solid, stable, superb strength of a great nation." He would never have done it in New York or Washington but it did not fail in the sticks.

Carter had not lost his touch with questioners either. A little girl put her hand up and went right over to her. "Does Amy bring because you are the

president of the United States?" she asked. No, said Carter, when the laughter died away, mostly she had to apologize for asking the question. "But after I arrived the English-speaking press thought that day she almost ate but with me and said, 'Daddy, I am proud that you are my father and I am proud that you are president!'" He recited a lot of poems with that one.

There were angry questions, though, about inflation, the fuel crisis and nuclear power plants, and Carter will have to improve on his platitudes in these areas—in effect he merely asked people to grieve and bear it—before the primary. The day before Carter's arrival, a statewide poll gave Senator Edward Kennedy a 24-1 margin over the president among registered Democrats, and there is a growing movement to make Kennedy a "write-in" candidate.

Nor did it help Carter that a few days before he arrived in New Hampshire his former speech writer, James Fallows, unleashed an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* in which he said that his old boy had no clear philosophy and was unwilling to make difficult choices. Wrote Fallows: "Carter's willful ignorance—could-to-me-be explained only by a combination of arrogance, complacency and—dread thought—ignorance at the core of his mind."

Strong stuff, and, there was worse to come. As the president returned to Washington, he was spied on his way by another blast of cold air, this time from Senator John Durkin, a New Hampshire Democrat. Said Durkin: "If New Hampshire runs out of heating oil next winter, if the energy problems are not dealt with, then anyone can beat Carter here. Including Ayatollah Khomeini."

Jekyll and Hyde on the hillside

Medical experts say he has half a dozen personalities, some good, some bad. "But Los Angeles police decided last week it was the Mr. Hyde rather than the Dr. Jekyll in Kenneth A. Bianchi that interested them. Announcing that they had caught the notorious Hillside Strangler, the city's police chief, Daryl Gates, said Bianchi would be charged with at least 20 of the 33 macabre murders—the victims, all young women, were found sprawled naked as the dopes of the Hollywood hills.

Gates's statement followed one of the



Icons in the United States Police at one time had 138 detectives on the case and reckoned they spent several million dollars. But no other suspect in the strangler case was scarcely anyone—an two more developments in the case front last week made clear. One of those was the addition of a further 26 counts of murder to the list of charges faced by homosexual killer John Wayne Gacy in Chicago, bringing the total number of murders of which he is accused to 33. A second was the launching of a major police offensive in the city by Mayor Jane Byrne after two youths were beaten to death in a new burst of teen-age gang warfare. City groups are said to boast 5,000 members and there have been nine killings in the last eight weeks.

Such statistics are bound to strengthen the slow drift of opinion toward reexamination of the death penalty. But overall it was the silence against the hooded, nearly mounted Blanche, a 27-year-old duffer that captured the headlines. As adapted child

Blanche is out of option back to hanging.

The men who came to dinner

The voyage of the U.S.S. *Petrel* was far from stormy. Indeed, it went well for Captain Eugene Heuerman and his 100-strong crew that these classified missions now known as "Operation Big Game" throughout the West last week was the subject of a lively board meeting which began with 50 Navy sailors taking a break.

It all began on a clear, calm day some months ago when the *Petrel*, a submarine chaser ship left her home port of Christopher South Cayenne, on a high-speed nonstop 1,800 miles to the Rhode Island Deepwater coast. Heuerman was on the bridge when a lobster fishermen's boat was sighted.

What happened next was passed together by a naval intelligence wheel when a new officer took the boat. Heuerman, he reported, immediately ordered his crew to live officer Lieutenant Michael Takacs on



deck to direct the ship onto the lobster lines. Then while a seaman kept watch the rest of the crew spent the next three hours hauling up the pots and sending the contents off to the galley.

In all about 90 men eaten. But someone was clearly dissatisfied. When the *Petrel* returned to base a complaint was made to the authorities. The ship was searched and while the perishable evidence had disappeared, several buoys and floats—owned by Newport, Rhode Island lobsterman Karl R. Ebb—were found undecimated.

The *Petrel* is now considering his claim for \$10,000 compensation along with a recommendation that Heuerman and Takacs be court-martialed on charges of "lascivious violation of federal law and of sheltered concurrence and violation of a general order" by having the *Petrel* from its assigned mission to the submarine chaser planes sail the ocean instead of the mission planes to award the captain the infamous Service Medal have been scrapped. Said a *Petrel* source: "This sort of prank gives the Navy a bad name. Every fisherman who loses his catch will be saying we visited him."

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Red October: a less than stellar role as the captain

American relations by appearing in a shock film but, on the other hand, he will be paid a sizable fee for his performance. And, of course, there's always the consolation that should Nixon "mess up" any of his lines, they can all be retaped with the public none the wiser.

Film buffs over 30 will remember her as the hysterical 18-year-old who made her movie debut as the especially disturbed lover of *Kate Dakin* in *David and Lisa*. It was a great start, but after one fawning performance, the name *Margot* seemed to slip from the margins and out of public view. Now, 16 years later, Margot is back on the silver screen, co-starring with *Ray Liotta* (as *Glenn*) and *Christopher Walken* (as *The Doctor*) in *Last Embrace*. Her second debut is no tamer than her first. Playing a whoreson with a flair for invention, Margot brings an amorous victim to a soggy and by drowning him in a bathtub. Although she no longer bears another 16-year-old taint between movies, she's a little concerned about being typecast. "Already

Margot, back to Red another bathhouse

People

In a modern China, where things go better with Coke, could *Benny* be far behind? Or was that *Birr* Rabbit hopping along the Great Wall? Or was it Congresswoman *Patricia Schroeder* of Denver, Colorado? Back in Washington D.C. last week from a congressional junket to China, she indignantly denied a report by *The Associated Press* that she had urinated on the wall while dressed head-to-toe in a white rabbit costume with large ears and antennae. The attractive, 38-year-old Schroeder admitted she had indeed rented a rabbit costume in Washington, taken it with her to Peking and "urinated" in the hotel dining room and later at an American embassy function "to amuse American friends." China, she said, "has more about the *Benny* bunny." But she clarified that hopping the wall in no way would have been "in bad taste." She knew where that came from. People ought to give me credit for having enough sense not to wear that bunny thing up to the wall." What else is up, Doc?

Fred the undisclosed reason" is the rather tacit way the movie moguls at Twentieth Century Fox are referring to the dismissal of *Five Easy Pieces* director *Mike Nichols*, who was axed last week during the shooting of *Brooklyn*, the new movie starring *Robert Redford*. But it appears that the reasons were more enlightened than undisclosed. For a start, after nine days of shooting on location in Columbus, Ohio, Nichols was four days behind schedule. That, in itself, is not a firing offense, but was serious enough to warrant a visit to the set by Twentieth Cen-



Cavett: would he parade in a towel?

water buffalo." Embarrassed as she was, she vowed to "punch that creep out" if she ever meets him.

Having firmly established himself as the thinking man's talk-show host, *Mike Cavett*, whose television title-debt with the browns and the nighties have assured him a spot as a cultural guru, has also bagged him a couple of roles in the movies. After making his cinematic debut as a last-best but first-rate TV interviewer in *Amuse Bouche*, 47-year-old Cavett recently completed another movie-making assignment in *Portrait of a Man*, yet-to-be-released *Health Care* again, he's cast as a talk-show host. Although Cavett's on-air behavior is a combination of bumptious and benevolent, according to Canadian costar *Adam Nichols*, the man behind the curtain can be a weaselly Nichols, who has co-written scripts, music and lyrics, often in various Altman movies, offers this caveat: "Everybody found Cavett irritating and grating. He's an arrogant guy, an insecure cub who'd parade around in his towel to get noticed." What does Nichols believe to be the deep-seated psychological problem affecting the host with the towel? "He's short."

Last summer Dr. Peter Bourne, the entrepreneurial former chief adviser on health and drug abuse to US President Jimmy Carter, thought life was "a little bit easier." He had been forced to resign from his \$50,000-a-year post when in disgrace after giving a young female aide a present wrapped up in a phony name for the tightly controlled drug Quaalude, a popular tranquilizer among the druggie set. Although he never faced criminal charges, the British-born psychiatrist and close friend of the president was reprimanded publicly last December by the state medical board in Georgia, where he holds his license to practice. But now, after a year in Newbernville, Bourne has been lauded—and here again, he has been honored by the United Nations, as a salary not less than \$50,000, to help plan a major UN project for development and conservation of worldwide water resources. While UN officials deny the Carter administration pressured them to hire Bourne, they admit he has "experience" in water conservation and that he was recommended for the job by the US state department because he is "involved in working with UN Secretary-General." It still pays to have friends in high places.

Edited by Jane O'Hara



Gaynor, just like a wounded water buffalo

There are times when Diane's guitar girl *Gloria Gaynor* feels her chart-topping single *I Will Survive* is more a personal anthem to her durability than a measure of her success. Take last week, for example. When she arrived in Toronto to the midst of a 40-city tour with the New York group *Wings People*, she was already suffering from chronic mastitis. When she showed up to tape a TV spot for a new *Canadian* fashion/design/tv-party show she found the instrumental tracks for her vocals had been recorded by local musicians at the wrong tempo. Then she had to learn all her cues for the taping in only one run-through and ended up competing for camera time with 19 dancers/models (including *Vanessa Williams* from the *National Ballet*). To top it all off, a local reviewer described her in print as "lurching across the stage like a wounded



Sports

East side, west side, all around the town

By Harold Quinn

The marquees dot the night along Broadway, off Broadway, and off off Broadway. First-run movies vie for attention with the eightiethanniversary of Times Square, the Metropolitan Opera, Carnegie Hall and Radio City Music Hall trumpet adn an radio and billboards, and the Yankees are fighting again.

In the metropolis that bumper stickers and Mayor Ed Koch want everyone to leave, there are always "tough kids" But this spring, this long overexposed claim to the status that started last September, the "toughest ticket" in town" is for... hockey.

From Worcester to the Bowery, Queens to Manhattan, Nassau County to Brooklyn, the Big Apples are talking and drooling like never before over a game that has been here for more than 50 years. Back in the mid-20s, New York was home to the Americans and Rangers in the National Hockey League. The Americans had faded into oblivion by 1943 and, in terms of the league championship, so had the Rangers. They had captured the fancy of baseball, basketball and football fans under Lester Patrick and was their third and last Stanley Cup in 1940. Centrally stage in the "wonderful town" was taken over by the Giants, Dodgers,

Knicks and Yankees, by acclamation. Now, suddenly, New Yorkers have their imported game back in the spotlight.

Seven years ago, the NYL faded through the tunnel under the Hudson River and washed up in Nassau County on Long Island. Remnant of the laughable, lovable New York Mets of baseball, the Islanders moved over the boundaries of Brooklyn and left with a police 12-victories and a respectable 68 points. When the downpour, the Bummers maintained the active, wild and strident spirit of the old franchise by Red Gilbert, members of Andy Bathgate, Castleberry, Gump Worsley and friends, and landed the \$4 million the Islanders had to pay them for suddenly moving into the neighborhood.

But a funny thing happened while Meetsie was winning three Stanley Cup. The Islanders put together a collection of brilliant draft choices and the Rangers were purchased by a fast-spreading corporation. With Dan Devine, Mike Bossy, Chris Beck, Bryan Trottier et al., the Islanders neared the wins and losses columns and finished first this year, a point ahead of the Canadiens. The Rangers went to Winnipeg and came back with a couple of now-vanquished, pugnacious from Sweden and Philadelphia, returning with Producer Fred Shero. Just a decade later, the Metts were less "amazing

Ranger Mario Marin (left) and Wayne Mackie. "The toughest ticket in town!"

zing" and the Rangers are still playing in style.

Arrons from Toets Shop's iconic the "canadian," Madison Square, a concrete, steel-and-glass beastie to sport as big business. He filed promenade, smooth-gleaming concourses, plush lounges and restaurants, packed seats and cathedrals-like interior. Impressive "front" clubs. For blocks, his visitors paraded in 25,000 patrons, their denizens in 75 taxis, followed by the corporate executives in their taxicabs, the backs of taxis. Yellow cabs stream around his four sides, just out of hailing distance, on the shadowy skyscrapers and the Empire State Building, a relatively safe walk away. It's a long ride from there, by cab, car or train, to Nassau County.

Through the tunnel, along the parkway or expressway, through the Astoria Boulevard of Queens, past the factories and tenements, the trees finally come into view in the midst of the American dream—upper-middle-class suburbs. In a greenbelt past golf courses where the normal vertical is broken only by outcrops, in a vast open fortress, stand the Nassa Colosseum, home of the Islanders—sliver save for thousands of parking spaces for the suburbs' second cars.

The last five New York teams contested anything more important than a mayor's choice was 1956, when "dem" took on the "Bronx Bombers" and a city and family were divided for nine game days in what baseball calls the World Series. Then it was the Dodgers—Berra, Kuborn, Pujols—battled, vanquished Ebbets Field against the Yankees—Marshall, Ford, Berra—from opposite Yankee Stadium. The fans cheered back and forth between games on a silent subway ride, giving birth to a new name—the Subway Series. The Yankees won.

They're calling this year not only the Series of the Century, because New York barely noticed the Series running for the Challenge Cup, but the 1982 Series (Long Island Railroad) and the Flushing Series. But this contract goes deeper. The Rangers, under management dictio, live in the city. They're the street-smart guys who can be seen in the bars and at Studio 54. The Islanders are the neophyte, now-the-lawn-eater Saturday types, transnational media stars clapped by as escapees from the bright lights, happily averaging and competing.

"I prefer to be here on the Island," ingenuie Clark Gillies, the Islanders' captain was saying before the series. "I don't know about all the confusion and fast pace in the city. I'd just as soon leave all that Broadway publicity stuff

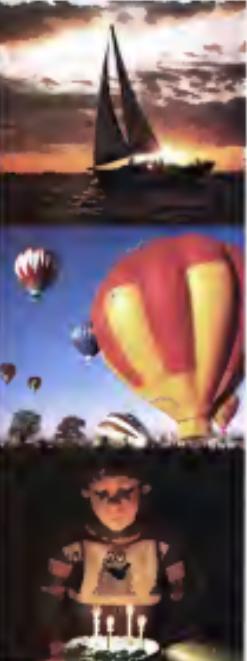
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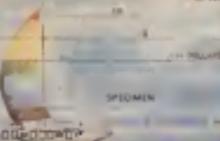
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is the Rangers." And there has been a lot of that. But in the entertainment capital of the world, it's just what the steaming and newly expanded league needs. The fan-loving Rangers haven't hesitated to fill the bill and newspapers with their tasting of the Big Apple. "Sure we love the tags," says Don Murdoch, back now after taking one big bite and having some cold with it. "They know the toughest part of my suspension. Following his contract with the Canadiens for the possession of cocaine, I was beaten up by my teammates. I've never played on a team that is as together. If someone wants to go get a beer after the game, 18 or 19 guys come along."

As the semi-final series opened last week to decide which New York teams will challenge the Stanley Cup, a lot of Rangers fans came along for a Badwater on the Island. In the latest chapter of the infinite shrinking world of the 1980s, only a relative handful of the legion of New York fans got to see the game. Despite the need to capitalize on the Canadiens' inner-city rivalry, the NHL made no accommodation to wrest the television rights from cable TV companies. The game was available only to the 14,000 who braved the cold and interminable and to subscribers of Cablevision. A couple of Bronx congressmen raised the ire of their constituents to NHL president John Rutherford over the blackout on home TV—but for naught. With notching franchises throughout the league, why make a big thing out of a big thing? With P. T. Barnum aware, the Ranger and Islanders not only tripled their ticket prices for their captive audience (Rangers from a regular-season top price of \$13.50 to \$25, and the Islanders from \$12 to \$30), the clubs are channelling closed-circuit broadcasts of the games into area laundries for \$7.00 in insertion and \$7 on the Island.

The sentence that greets the teams as they shake out onto the ice for Game 1 between Cup finalists is "Good fans and friends, we're here." "I thought you was a Ranger fan?" "I was 'til they started chickin'...30 years ago." Red, white and blue bunting, usually reserved for the World Series, draped the Coliseum's railings. Business promotional, "This is Islander Country," "Rape (Ranger Phil Esposito) is the town crier" and "I.D. (Ranger goalie John Davidson) do it again," just as Ranger Dave Parrish had skated away from his mates during Kate Smith's warbling of "God Bless America" in the quarter-final against Philadelphia. Ranger Dave Maloney whirled away during the last eight bars of *The Star-Spangled Banner* that opened Game 1, and any Islander fan not ready for battle joined the wincing chant.

But unlike the talented and wealthy Taxmen of '54, the poor little rich guys from Manhattan were the underdogs, and the suburbanites worrying about bankruptcy were the favorites. The Rangers weren't supposed to be there but they upset each Shore's old man, Philadelphia, by setting two league records (over 3000 goals—goal—and most goals in a five-game series—31). After "packing" up an ailing Wayne Gretzky and spares, as Ranger Walt Tkaczuk and after the much-worn with the Flyers, the Broadway blues headed for the Islanders, unassumingly shod in skates-walk past the Chicago Black

hawks like a man emerging from a cold Swedish sauna. "Can you believe this?" Down the hall, Islanders' coach Al Arbour couldn't. "We weren't doing anything naturally," he said. Contentedly puffing a fat cigar and sipping a beer, veteran Ranger Carl Vadnais thought things were unfolding as they should. "We now have a blend of young, middle-aged [30 to 30] and old players. In hockey, you can't be the middle-aged guys to be steady, game in and game out, so we hope for the occasional big game from the young and old guys. We've got it."

And as the lights went out and the last stanza wailers headed for the no

Devils missing not. The street-wise crew who can be seen in the bars and at Studio 54



Hawks. It was no contest.

With stick passing plays that harked back to their forebears in the mid-'70s, the Rangers skated away from the Islanders 4-1, outskating them 19-8 in the second period. Each Ranger shot and goal swaying the crowd toward its final, triumphant cheer. And after the game, as the Islanders demands swelled for towels and pastas at first glances of female reporters in their hairless dressing room, and the comically and unconsciously naked and semi-clad Rangers, Anders Hedberg

preway, the huge Canadian flag of all but a couple of the players' households remained crumpled and clogged in the rafters over the Coliseum's ice.

The clutch ("It's a long series," "we'll come back") tumbled out of the Islanders dressing room and their license press by Game 2 as the Islanders re-won their commentator fans and evaded the sense with a 4-3 win in overtime. The struggle for the championship of New York, the competition for the fastidious admiration of the homeowners and burglar-proof dwellers, would last at least a week. ☐

The man who grows money trees

The two rival investment bankers were in Eddie, Saudi Arabia, when a shortage of hotel space forced them to share a room. It was a hot night, both climbed into bed without pajamas and struggled off to sleep with the window open to catch any sweat breeze. At 3 a.m. they both awoke with a heart-stopping jerk, covered in sweat. "There we were," recalls Bryan Farnd, vice-chairman of McLeod Young War Ltd., "two competitors, sleeping together, sweating necessities together." Farnd's blood brother that night was C. E. (Ted) Mcland, 50, chairman, president and chief executive officer of Wood Gandy Ltd., founded in 1965, now Canada's largest investment house and the

one with the clearest, longest lineage down but. This month he adds duties as chairman of the 32,000-member Investment Dealers Association of Canada, where 80 firms will probably issue more than half the estimated \$1.25 trillion to be spent on Canadian capital investments in the next 10 years. Wood Gandy president since 1972, chairman since last December following the September death of the founder's son, Charles L. Gandy, Mcland today rides herd on a staff of 1,188 in 34 Canadian cities, Tokyo, New York, London and Paris that trades stocks and bonds for 35,000 individual customers annually.

Wood Gandy's Ted Mcland is a simple, plumply grizzled with a boarding-school rea-

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Sharing is not something he does easily unless the client wants it. His firm and McLeod Young War are co-managers on a \$300-million Ontario Hydro issue. "We might want to work together in the morning and then split up our other's business in the afternoon," Mcland says. "It's only one flow, tiny changes, but it's a constant, constant shift from 'We have' to 'We have' because the big street, or 'We have' for his position." It's all in good, his wife's doing, laughs Mcland, who told her when they married in 1973 that she didn't like short hair. "I tried to find a happy medium between what my wife wants and what the rest of the world expects." Just another negotiation victory by the man who deals with his enemies and befriends friends.

Roderick McQuinn

The valley of the jelling green pygmy

Caught in the avalanche that began after the Parti Québécois' provincial election victory in November, 1976, given velocity by inflation, political instability, trade deficits and general lack of confidence in the Canadian economy, the swooping Canadian dollar has finally tumbled to a halt. From the mounting high of \$1.03 U.S. late in 1976 to \$1.50 a month ago, trading and giving experience in Toronto and Kitchener, Ont., led him to vice-president, operations in 1969 under president William Wilder, now senior executive officer of Consumers' Gas.

As released as Wilder is instance, Mcland has the respect of competitors and clients alike. A \$307 issue to raise \$155 million for Inter-Loi came after Ontario investing itself in a market where the fixed 7.55-per-cent interest rate didn't look appealing. "What had the makings of a very difficult issue," says Inter-Loi's Treasurer, Robert Daffey, "is now a success. Ted Mcland was benchmarking the offer, and Wood Gandy never flinched." The strength of the client list can cause strain, too. Last year, Mcland attempted to act as an adviser for Petro-Canada's failed take-over of Husky Oil Ltd. Based when Alberta Gas Trunk Line's Robert Blair bought Husky on the open market, Mcland lost Husky's business because of his Petro-Canada association. In the Brancis Ltd. offer for F. W. Woolworth Co last month, Mcland had to bow out because both companies are Wood Gandy clients. "I don't look upon us as much as having a client," he said "as having to share a customer."

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Roderick McQuinn

They're showing red this spring

For companies to stymie a winter's griping on earnings, they can give you two years in a cell and a landscape fine—except that until six weeks ago a charge probably hadn't been laid in at least 20 years. Suddenly, last March, the S.S. Kruege Co was charged with conspiring to interfere with the formation of a union in Brampton, Ontario, then last week Dykes Ltd., the country's largest specialty clothing chain, saw the rest of a warrant issued. Charged are Lewis Pearlall, Dykes' director of marketing, Gairier Leverett, his vice-president, and Daniel McQuinn, his vice-president of Customer Investigations Ltd., a private-eye firm which recently had its license suspended.

For Sam Fox, Canadian director of





Every Screwdriver has a silent partner.

the clothing division of a vaguely Algonquin Clothing and Textile Workers Union, the news of the change was not unexpected. For others the changes, if substantiated, are evidence of an earnest intent of latent violence bringing to memory the labor-management confrontations of the Depression. When a chain as large as Dylex—more than 450 stores under the aegis of Tip Top, Harry Rosen, Fairweather, Family Fair, Brassard, Sunny Silver and Thrift-y's, sales of \$320 million, profits at \$21 million—is accused of union busting, what's left of the webbing comes readily to mind. The changes in question arise from a bitter fight 25 years ago to certify a union of 175 workers at the company's central warehouse in Toronto. It ended unsoundly when the employees refused to strike for the newly certified bargaining unit. But much had gone before, including an unsuccessful certification vote later reversed when the Ontario labor relations board found management had exerted "undue influence" on the potential union members. Frustrated union officials started considering concerted action. Dylex had predictably turned its employees against it since, perhaps—as the courts will eventually decide.

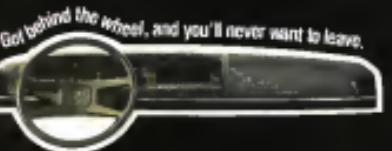
Enter third Detective Craig McLaughlin of the Peel Regional Police Department's fraud unit. He was investigating an unrelated complaint, but his digging led him, inexorably, to Centurion Investigation Ltd. As the issue expanded—into representations attributed to this day—the help of the Ontario Provincial Police and the Waterloo-Toronto Police was enlisted. The result is allegations that, during the fall of 1976, ten employees of a Centurion subsidiary—Centurion Temporary Help Ltd.—is charged as well—worked for half a day at Dylex and while there instigated a fight that led first to the dismissal of themselves and two employees active in the union's organizing campaign and later to the charges of assault and conspiring to interfere in the union's organizing campaign. That McLaughlin is certain the charges will be "busted out the courtroom door." Jimmy Kay, Dylex's chairman, says the company conducted a thorough internal investigation 25 years ago. "We're confident," he says. "We're going back." replies Sam Fox. Far years—particularly between the 1890s and the Depression years—it was often charged with conspiracy, which most often found themselves at the wrong end of a wielded stick. Now, much to the distress of union officials and executives who know confrontation will help no one, a new history threatens.

Tan Brown

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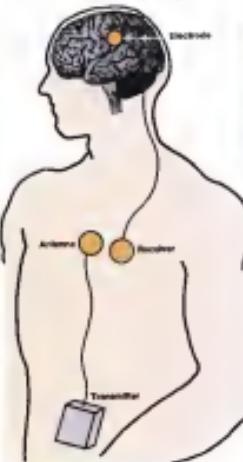
Whenever her old arm injury backs up, Claudette Nepton flicks on a radio transmitter, the size of a cigarette pack, sending her brain a tiny zap of electricity that kills her pain. She's one of an estimated 300 people in the world (20 in Canada) who have a subdural electrode stimulator surgically implanted in the thalamus region of their brains, the area that integrates sensory information. Before the operation, nerve damage in her right arm, resulting from a car acci-

dent, caused her to drop things, until she located the spot in her brain where stimulation seemed to provide her with maximum relief. acrylic filled up the bur hole, anchoring the electrode wire that was to stick out of her head for the next couple of weeks—a trial period to determine whether or not the gadget could relieve her pain.

The trial was a success. A second operation completely internalized the rest of the equipment—the dangling wire was imbedded under the skin of her

forearm, until he located the spot in her brain where stimulation seemed to provide her with maximum relief. acrylic filled up the bur hole, anchoring the electrode wire that was to stick out of her head for the next couple of weeks—a trial period to determine whether or not the gadget could relieve her pain.

1986 was developed in 1974 by Dr. Yasuo Hosobuchi at the University of Cal-



We've set the brain where stimulation gives relief: a wonder of exploring

ifornia Medical School. The procedure effectively relieved severe chronic pain of cancer, spinal disc degeneration, arthritis, spinal cord injury, but the question was how? The answer remains as enigma—nobody, not even the docters of docters using it, understands how it works, the best they can offer is a theory which suggests that since relief can last for many hours after only a few minutes of stimulation, it's possible electrical stimulation may trigger the brain's release of natural pain-killing chemicals.

Most doctors working with DBS are happy with their results and find the few side effects it causes—occasional dizziness, sensitivity of hot or cold, blurring of vision—tolerable. Vancouver neurosurgeon Dr. Ian Turnbull, who plans to implant DBS stimulators this coming year, says that out of his 15 patients who received DBS over the past four years, all suffered from pain



dent, caused Mrs. Nepton such agony that, even with massive doses of morphine, she could barely do her daily chores and her neck muscles tensed so badly, she couldn't talk. As a last resort, her doctors suggested Deep Brain Stimulation (DBS) and referred her to brain surgeon Dr. Jean-Louis Labonte at Sainte-Justine Hospital in Montreal.

In the operating room, head shaved, she received a local anaesthetic (the brain is insensitive to pain) and through a hole drilled in her skull, an electrode wire was inserted into the centre of her brain. Dr. Labonte probed the electrode into several potential targets, stimulating each one with an elec-



Pulp modernization and expansion are going forward in the pulp and paper industry, new harvesting equipment and new ways of doing things are possible because profits in the industry have improved. That means more jobs all around.

Profit: jobs

New investment in pulp and paper production is creating new jobs for Canadians in the industry and among suppliers. Better profits are starting to make things happen. There is more money to spend on advanced equipment, environmental controls and more efficient production techniques. Improved productivity will help Canada compete in tough international markets. And that matters: the forest industry supports one out of every ten Canadian jobs.

In Stephenville, Newfoundland, lumber will be picked again and Thomas boats filled when around 650 people start back to work in a new pulp paper mill and in woodlands operations.

In British Columbia, plant expansion in Powell River will create 700 construction jobs and 100 new, permanent jobs in the mill when construction is over.

Across Canada, forest products companies have announced plans to invest in modernizing mills, increasing manufacturing capacity, introducing new processes and harvesting equipment. This new investment adds up to billions of dollars over the next several years.

The job-making activity is happening because profits in the pulp and paper industry have improved.

The lion's share of Canada's pulp and paper is sold in the United States. The use of newsprint and

other pulp and paper products has risen south of the border, so our industry has been going at full speed. These Canadian exports are paid for in American dollars, which have been worth considerably more than our own, increasing pulp and paper company profits in an unusual way. This increase in profits is beginning to help the industry catch up on the lean years just behind. But the industry cannot build a future on temporary exchange advantages.

Growth money

Sustained healthy profit is necessary to support sustained healthy growth.

The pulp and paper industry is Canada's largest manufacturer. It brings in more export dollars and contributes more money to Canada's standard of living than any other industry—about \$10,000 a year for each Canadian family.

The forest industry, directly and through its thousands of Canadian suppliers, creates one job in every ten in Canada.

To learn more, ask for the publication "GROWTH". Write: Communications Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 2300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec H3B 2X9.

The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada



Your secretary can double her output and still be free to enjoy her evenings.

The new AES PLUS 4 combines the ease and speed of electronic typing, text editing and speed printing (540 words per minute) with four new functions.

The benefit to your secretary is she is able to spend her time on more demanding jobs. The end benefit to you is she is able to save you money.

Financial. Your secretary can automatically verify a quarterly financial statement quicker than she can sip her coffee.



She takes your numbers from rough copy, types them on a standard keyboard onto a video screen in front of her then verifies your totals automatically with the push of a button.

You don't even have to calculate horizontal totals and percentages.

Your secretary simply heads up the column with the appropriate title, pushes a button and the AES PLUS 4 automatically fills it in. Perfectly.



Search and Replace. Your secretary can customize a 20 page contract faster than she can reserve a table at your favorite restaurant.

Say you want to replace "the party of the first part" with "Better Widgets Limited."

Your secretary types "Better Widgets Limited" only once. Every time "the party of the first part" appears the AES PLUS 4 will search it out.

She can leave it as it is, replace it with "Better Widgets Limited" or delete it. Automatically.

Records Organization. Your secretary can sort her way through 6 months of time sheets and tell you the difference between actual vs. estimated costs on any job in 10 minutes.

She can update statements of monthly billings by job and by contractor. And accurately verify totals automatically. Right to the penny.

You name it, the new AES PLUS 4 can organize any previously recorded material in any order you want. Simultaneously. Automatically.

Building Blocks. Your secretary can shift paragraph one to page four with her baby finger.

With the push of a button your secretary instantly builds a custom form letter.

Your secretary types and codes any block of information by letter, number or both.

Then anytime you want to customize a collection letter, contract, report or brief you

simply select the paragraphs and the sequence.



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HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION

The Complete Practical Guide to Organizing and Winning Any Election Campaign

Anthony J. Gargrave &
Raymond Hull



HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION

The Complete Practical Guide to
Organizing and Winning Any Election
Campaign

Anthony Gargrave & Raymond Hull

Winning an election is not a matter of luck. Behind the moment of triumph lies a carefully structured campaign. For Canadians, fascinated as they watch the candidates prepare for a federal election, here is the topical book that tells how to organize a campaign, raise money, write press releases, make signs, choose a candidate and much more. HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION is important for anyone who wants to know how the system works, and indispensable for anyone running for office from class president to prime minister.

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caused by nerve injury, 13 experienced complete or partial relief; four did not respond to stimulation during surgery and never received permanent implantation. "The new work for some people and not others, I can't tell you," says Dr. Gargrave. "But I do know that it's very effective in some cases." Medical journals are full of miraculous tales of new studies: one man, for example, a 31-year-old house electrician, was out-of-work for two years because of low-back pain; after that, he was able to work as a bricklayer.

More than 800,000 Canadians spend on analgesic drugs and surgery each year and until recently, the only effective treatment of chronic pain involved cutting pain pathways in the brain and spinal cords. Results, unfortunately, were not long-lasting—usually only two or three years. For this reason, there has been a great interest in the potential for electrical stimulation. Not all observers, however, are optimistic. Dr. Ronald Taylor, a neurosurgeon at the Toronto General Hospital, is highly critical: "The devices are man-made and just like heart pacemakers, they can have breakdowns, which makes you have to perform corrective surgery. Another reason the results of this have not been more dramatic is due to the fact that surgeons refuse this little known and yet expensive procedure for their most hopeless cases."

"This is a controversial issue among neurosurgeons because there's never been a carefully controlled study," says Dr. Paul Clarke, Ontario health ministry representative for a provincial task force that has been investigating electrical stimulation for more than a year. "Ours will be the first—studying medical schools in Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, London, and Waterloo will subject each patient's case to the scrutiny of an independent, objective panel and post-operative assessment." The study should be completed in several years and will affect Ontario's decision to cover such procedures under the provincial health insurance plan. Currently, two provincial plans—Alberta and B.C. and the Workplace Compensation Boards in B.C. and New Brunswick cover the complete medical costs—about \$3,000.

"The thalidomide experience made us very cautious about introducing new concepts in medicine, and rightly so," says Dr. Adelene Upshur, a neurologist at McMaster University. "But we must remember that the first anaesthetics were aromatic compounds that could kill you if you took too much. The theory behind this is a good one and it's likely that as equipment improves, results will improve. We wouldn't dismiss a good idea if it's faulty." —Elaine Waiss

Behavior

A bar where you're taught how to drink

As occupational images go, the bartender's is among the hardest. The weary guy summing up a customer's problems, the jolliest words of counsel—these have been his reputation since well before some medieval peacock hoisted a swig of claret. Bells, noisemakers, and dice, therefore, I send. At his best, the archetypal bartender puts conversation before commerce, relating to serve those already served enough. That side of the chestnut is getting some polish at the Unesco Club, an institution for higher learning at the University of Manitoba campus, where young minds go to dispense Charles Cottier's axiom: "A night of good drinking is worth a year's thinking."

The Unesco is a bar with a difference. When expansion plans were finalized recently, an unusual arrangement for a radio or private country club, the founders and other problem drinkers were invited to go for help. But that was just the beginning. Paul manager asked the Adelphi Foundation of Manitoba to teach their staff to recognize and cope with problem drinkers. "We have to see problem customers as human beings with problems, we certainly shouldn't be making their problems worse," says pub board President Bruce Moosig.

The youngish staff had been having particular trouble since they were the same age as their clients, and were under pressure not to be specimens by outdrinking somebody else. In four three-hour workshops sessions, the 38 students learned the lucid science to keeping an orderly bar, and in multiplying drinks. "If a customer is angry and the water responds with anger the situation escalates," says Ceilene Allan who conducted the workshops. "Far better to use diversionary tactics—talk about something right off the subject."

Whether or not the project overflows its acceptance every tower is another question. Allan says she's not holding her breath over the private sector opting for bar-staff education. "I hate to say it, but profits do depend on encouraging rather than discouraging consumption."

For now there's Unesco staff, wiping the bar, and thinking when asked to "Set 'em up, Joe," if this isn't for the read—or the drunk.

Peter Carlyle-Gordge

Today's lesson is about malt.

Every popular Scotch is made from a blend of pure malt whiskies and much less expensive grain whiskies. The more malt whisky used, the more character it has. Our research tells us that Teacher's Highland Cream contains more malt whisky than most other popular brands.

That's why we say that Teacher's is in a class of its own.

Teacher's.
In a class of its own.





Now, Panasonic hi-fi big enough for your home made small enough for your car.

Panasonic. The name you listen to in home hi-fi, also makes hi-fi for your car. Whether you want to hear the full richness of the classics, the beat of the disco, the clarity of a sportscast, Panasonic AutoSound delivers all the purity and quality of sound you've enjoyed at home with Panasonic hi-fi.

Listen to these AutoSound Component Systems. The CA-9600 FM/AM/FM Stereotuner with a linear dial scale for precise station selectivity. Match it with one of our cassette tape decks. The CX-7100 above automatically plays the reverse side of the tape when the first side is completed—or the CX-5100 with automatic replay after rewind. Or choose the CX-1110 precision performance 8-track player. For even better stereo sound, add the CJ-3510 Power Booster that develops 10 watts per channel with no discernable distortion.

For speakers, Panasonic provides larger-than-life sound with a range of speakers that include the extremely efficient Sound Pump, and the all-new "Concert Sound" high compliance coaxial speakers.

Technically speaking, Panasonic AutoSound components can give your car studio sound reproduction. For listening pleasure, you'll have to drive a long way to better them.

Panasonic AutoSound products. They just may turn your car into your favorite listening room.

Panasonic
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The selling of the candidates

By Roy MacGregor

More and more I'm coming to the conclusion that the candidate doesn't matter much since in their origins—A Liberal candidate for re-election

With a dozen crumpled blocks in downtown Toronto there are to be found three versions of the future. The singular point they have in common is that all are scheduled to leave this evening May 22, election day. The first version belongs to Jerry Grafstein, a bright lawyer who looks like a refined Woolly Allen, larger and hairier, a man who has recently spent many 16-hour days riding through telephone messages that he has become convinced he "can't bear" something moving out there. He sits with the brim of a red baseball cap on the magma. "There, Number 1," gestures grandly out the window and, raising the syllables for best effect, pronounces it "is" working. The second version of this same future belongs to Lawrence Wolf, and he believes it is not working, at least not for Jerry Grafstein. Wolf,

has horns like of wild hair conjuring up

bits of a mad scientist at work, sits gleefully watching a film of NDP leader Ed Broadbent playing a stiff and legal game of craps with his wife and daughter. Broadbent looks like he's serving a detention, yet Wolf splits his thumbs and dares him this name: "Is he the sleepier of the campaign?" barely a sales pitch away the third interpretation of Canada post-May 22 is to be found in the office of Peter Swain, where the papers of Joe Clark sit in video cassettes waiting to be answered. Swain moves quickly from the authorized work to another pile of tapes and cassettes on his desk. "All these arrived in the mail," he says excitedly. "Songs, most of them, all subtitled. Even an entire musical score by some guy just goes to show you how anxious people are to get the Liberal party out of power and the Conservatives in."

It is without precedent, this current advertising campaign that goes under way April 22. In the 1974 federal election, party advertising amounted to \$17 million and will rise to around \$6 million this time, but that is not why this one is different. The true difference is time. In 1974, the two major parties took up 86 per cent of the paid radio time and 80 per cent of the paid television time; this time the revised Canadian Act requires that 54 hours of prime-time, paid radio and television be allocated to the various parties according to their 1974 elected members and popular vote results. So though the Liberals get 155 minutes and the Tories 134 minutes, the NDP are guaranteed 63 minutes, the Social Credit 22 minutes, and eight minutes each to the Conservative party of Canada and the Marxist-Leninist party of Canada. The taxpayer will foot the cost of half of this paid time, and the parties will also have access to massive quantities of free-time radio and television as well (10 hours and 31 hours respectively). And although Jerry Grafstein says the Liberal campaign during the 22 days that advertising is permitted will not amount to "one-

million, how can he work for that guy?

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of the total, a massive number that has the advertising man positively drooling. "The least-informed voter is the most important voter," says Grafein. And it is significant that Lawrence Wolf's first fight with his NDP employers concerned precisely this point. A pro-union party in the past, the NDP was keen to return once again to that avenue, but Wolf argued for no use of print whatsoever. And he won. The NDP—with only 15 points in the last Gallup—has the most to gain in the undecided voter numbers.

Lawrence Wolf was the appropriate agency to choose for a party interested in getting the public to swallow a new political line. Wolf's expertise is in new product marketing, particularly new foods, and it was a major step for the NDP to turn from the agency of the old party faithful, Montreal's Manny Danzky, to a fast-paced, vibrant and proudly capitalist Toronto company. "It took a lot of balls," says Wolf. "We were the minority choice, but we're not really the safe choice. Once I was American. Now, I'm hardly known as a political animal. All my Rosedale friends say 'Hey, how can you work for this guy?' But, in truth, Wolf finds it a delight. Erosionist's main problem, according to his new package, was that he was "uninspired." Wolf believed people

Grafein (above) and Murray Swanson in an expensive package for the undecided voter

quarter of a McDonald's campaign blitz," the Liberals will probably spend some \$2.25 million convincing Canada's 15 million voters to give Pierre Trudeau a second—make that fourth—chance. Neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives will say what they are spending (it will all come out after the campaign) but it is generally believed the Tories are budgeting \$2.5 million. The size, always the most open about such matters, say they will spend \$1.2 million; they also say it will even stand to the NDP's past history of digging up to three per cent in the final weeks of a campaign, when the major party avalanche of advertising has had a tendency to bury them.

The three masterminds—Grafein, Wolf and Swanson—are all out to make the same friend: the undecided voter. And it is for this reason that the true advertising war will be waged on the shallowest medium, television. "The people who pay the most attention to the news media tend to be the most partisan," says Dr. Thomas Patterson, an American expert on the media and politics. "Television is far more likely to reach the undecided because those who are informed tend rather than view television." The last Gallup poll put the undecided Canadian voter at 25 per cent.



The spirit of the Czar lives on. Wolfschmidt Vodka is here.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver rouble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to His Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka.
The spirit
of the Czar
lives on.



Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

now Broadbent as a wild-eyed doomsday socialist and though Broadbent disagreed with this interpretation, Wolf again was. "One of the things we're trying to do is destroy any misrepresentations of that image," says Wolf. "Move that image to a more centrist point." To that end, much is made of Louise Broadbent's attractive television presence, having her discuss inflation from the point of view of a housewife, for example, rather than having a Broadbent speech on inflation run. The new packagers are concerned that the party leader's tendency toward shabbiness not appear on the screen, and so will be using as clips from the House of Commons. Prior Swan's company, Media Buyers Services Ltd. also may be using these tapes, though Conservative Party leader Joe Clark comes across at his best from the Opposition benches. The reason is simply quality—videotape is an easier medium to film and the Tories are willing to buy the best. All creative work is farmed out to other, specialized firms (MacLachlan-McKee-McNay Ltd. for the free-time five, seven- and 10-minute segments and Larson Productions Ltd. for the short commercials) and Swan acts as go-between for the creative types and National Campaign Chairman Lowell

Murphy at PC headquarters in Ottawa, who, with Joe Clark, makes the final decisions on ads. No one wants to be quoted, but the Tories are delighted that they no longer have to deal with the headache of presenting an acceptable Robert Stanfield as television, despite the man's excellence in the flesh. Still, they are also aware that Clark is no Pierre Trudeau. "Trudeau is the supreme actor," says Swan. "Well, we don't have that. Joe Clark says I am what I am and I won't be packaged by the ad people. It may make things more difficult for us but it's good for the Canadian people. Essentially, our job is to show that he does understand the problems and he does have solutions."

The management at Red Leaf Communications Ltd., the company that packages each election to coincide with the Liberal advertising, is so in-dustrious Trudeau, according to Jerry Graham. He calls Red Leaf "an agency without walls" and it is really writing more than an umbrella name for the work of about half-a-dozen top Toronto admen (including Vickers & Benson Ltd. President Terry O'Malley, Rosalie Reynolds and Co. Ltd. President Harry Kaplan, and independent admen Jerry Goode, who is in charge of the free-time ads). The major decisions are made by Graham and

Senior Keith Dwyer, with whom Trudeau is in contact daily. Like the Tories, the Liberals have two game plans ready and in production. One is the campaign the way it is currently going, above-board, tough and fairly impersonal. The backup campaign—interestingly, the PC's has none—is said to be indecently below-the-belt, in the best American traditions. "We have an alternative scenario that I hope is hypothetical," says Graham. "But if they do attack us, we will reasonably retaliate." Assuming the nasty campaign remains in the background, Graham's working plan for the Liberals is to deliver "Trudeau unvarnished. Not Trudeau Maclean, not even Trudeau as the Rock. But Trudeau Straight Up."

In many ways the three manufacturers use different phrases to describe the same theory. While Graham talks of "snapshots of what he's actually doing," Swan refers to "newswagazine format" and Wolf talks about presenting the "fundamental issues." The commitment to at least touch upon the things that do matter is worth praising, particularly in light of recent trends in American election advertising. "When you've got 30 seconds on television," says Joe Cerrell, a political consultant who handled Lyndon Johnson and John

Coming in the May 21st issue of Maclean's...

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Watch for it. This Nova Scotia feature is an informative guide just in time to help you plan your vacation on the seaside.

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You'll find the Nova Scotia Vacation Guide 1979 a valuable aide in planning a memorable holiday. In the May 21st issue of Maclean's.

Nova Scotia



Do you know what is most frequently collected in Austria? Culture. That's why this small country has 350 museums.

Even the smallest village in Austria has a post office collecting old postcards, displaying them to the public in local museums. We are in the second period of our collections at Burghaus Klagen, Schloss Kasten, Schloss Schönbrunn and Ambrasburg. Of course a Souvenir is a good idea. However, also, we make a lot of offers in our exhibitions from abroad to Austria. To find choice of the Münz-Expo you can buy it by post with a 10% discount. We also accept as well as pay by the U.S. and the credit cards. So why the future is certainly an Austrian specialty.

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F. Kennedy, "I don't think you have time for any more than a single issue. All you're trying to do is get them to remember the name." The most critical of all thinking comes from perhaps the most successful, Hal Every, a California man who claims a 50-per-cent success rate for his clients, which have included, he says, eight Canadian members of Parliament, notably. Some believe he's a true-blue conservative Stephen Harper's but to assert Liberal Barney Roman, but Every says Roman "didn't do what we told him." Every told Macleish that he considers Canadians 20 years behind the times for wanting to work with things like shaking hands and knowing on whom and actually being seen. Every believes deeply in the quick television commercial and would, he says, even simulate campaigns travel with a television studio and a fluoresce train of the client would permit him. Once the race is on, Every believes, it's in the hands of the airwaves. His advice to candidates during the rest of the campaign, however, is: "You can't be responsible if you don't say anything."

Hopefully, Canada will remain 30 years behind the times by Hal Every's measure. The American experience has already altered campaigns in this country so they are essentially a leadership race. "The fundamental change that occurred in the late 1950s was a growing emphasis on personality rather than issues," says Dr. Paul Butterfield, author of *The Making of the Canadian Media*. "We've turned politics into a spectacle. It's a form of entertainment. It's a game. When you're fed Ed Broadbent as Harry Tugboat, it's entertainment."

To some, this is a true gift, for example, has recently become far more interested in style than content—but there is at least a verbal commitment by the parties to democracy. This is not to ignore the most important national news from the States. And that, coupled with the free-time telecasts and the potential of a debate with all three leaders, means that Canadians have not arrived at the same point described by Phillips Brooks, president of the 300-member Association of American Polymer Consultants. "The electorate outside" care less about the mass."

But it is interesting to note that ELECTION CANADA, which went on to be most closely known as the 1979 General Election, is undertaking its own \$11-million advertising campaign to educate voters about the new boundaries, among other things, and has decided to completely avoid television in favor of radio and newspapers. "We have," says Chief Electoral Officer Jean-Marc Hamel with a smile, "serious messages to get across."

—By George Hulberta

Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's F100 engine: power from a partnership.



50 years together

The engine is the F100 for the General Dynamics F-16. The partnership is Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Group, whose companies in Canada and the United States have worked together for 50 years.

Pratt & Whitney Aircraft already is a major part of the Canadian industrial story. We've been part of the Canadian aviation industry since 1928, and our Canadian PT6 and JT15D are the standards by which others in the general aviation field are judged. We have more than 6,000 employees in our three Canadian facilities and even now with expanding

F-16 right choice

Canada is in the process of choosing a new fighter. We think the F-16 is the right choice. Because it's already proven. So is its engine. Both are in production. Both are in operation. Here are a few more good reasons:

Coproduction

Coproduction is nothing new to us. We've been doing it on the F100 engine for the F-16 in Europe for the past three years it works. But we're not stopping at just engine technology. We're offering other manufacturing technologies from companies like Cts Group, Bissell Group, and Sikorsky Aircraft, all units of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's parent company, United Technologies Corporation.

A mature engine

The engine is essential to the success of any aircraft. So it's a great advantage when a new fighter programme has an experienced engine to back it up. Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's F100 engine has been on active duty since 1974, building up more than 300,000 flight hours of experience. In the process, the F100 has earned an outstanding record of safety and reliability. In fact, the F100 already has a readiness record equal to engines that have been in service for 20 years or more.

To get where it is today, the F100 successfully passed the toughest series of endurance and military history. Now, in service, the F100 is experiencing fewer problems than any other fighter engine at the same stage of maturity. Which makes the F100 the most successful fighter engine programme ever.

Here and now

There are a lot of good reasons why Canada should choose the F-16 as its new fighter aircraft. The best reason is the F-16 is here and now. In production. In service. International.

 **PRATT & WHITNEY
AIRCRAFT GROUP**

 **UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

Pierre's view of Maggie wasn't wrong, but his view of what she represented was

By Barbara Amiel

Let me confess I immediately that I was unable to join in the great collective shudder of outcry that swept our nation when berbier Pierre Elliott finally pulled his finger out of the pie, as it were, and took unto himself a bride. True, I've never been much for second-best estates. When it comes to political leaders, the only way they can bring me close to it is by rediscovering the principles of liberal democracy or resigning. Anyway I didn't find it unexpected that a middle-aged wife, who called herself a "flower child" and baked her own wedding cake when the green of her raiment was a swirlily, well-preserved 51-year-old prime minister, and who was anxious furthermore to get into magazine writers and hard-hitting political journalists alike in a state about her shyness and vulnerability—should leave Canada, as day for better time above her. Hence my initial reluctance to read *Beyond Reason*.

But it happened that I visited a friend last week, a doctor with usual readings from Gibbons of Cleves to the manager of Robertson Davies. This time, however, my undeniably reactionary friend was doubled up over The Book Chacking lunacy. He was patently devouring *Beyond Reason*. When I asked why, he replied that he seldom had the read a book that so eloquently confirmed all his prejudices—and some he didn't even know he had—about Trudeau, left-liberals and pot-smoking mob children of the 60s. Next day I sat down with a copy of my own First, Ladies of Life with the rest. The Trudeau children were told the goss of the politicians grunting them were for shooting snakes. Violence for reflex-life households is like sex was for Victorian men. Still, one would expect the leader of our nation to be less hypocritical.

What people like Margaret Trudeau are really like is a question totally immaterial to the country. All that matters is whether or not she is at all a reflection as the judgment of the prime minister who married her. Some would

take refuge in the hope that love and sexual desire are blind and can focus onto objects otherwise recognized as worthless—or even insatiable, as in the case of Indians. If Chauhan Mao could marry the Gang of Four, why shouldn't Chairman Pierre marry Margaret? But on reading *Beyond Reason*—which I nervously recommended—it seems more likely that Pierre's eyes were wide open. No normal man could elude his judgment. Nor did the young lady deserve it if anything, Margaret painted a blakcer picture of her

was an error in judgment. As a politician he can't be faulted for marrying Margaret, but rather for misjudging the direction in which the world was—or ought to be moving. It was also an error in his ethical compass. The token happy endings with their free love and anti-intellectualism did not signal a higher morality but a lower one. Though much may be missing from the postures with either of middle-Canada, it still produces countenances that are more human, altruistic, loving, and humanistic than the selfish and ultimately cruel world of the flower children. But Trudeau wanted to make a good democratic marriage. By marrying into the Alternative Society, he could ensure his place at the crest of the wave.

Trudeau was far from alone. The media may not have perceived Margaret but they came close to it in adulation—though, with every interview she revisited this essential shallowness of her being. But even after the 1974 civy chassade in which Margaret babbled an about being "a person" or discovering metaphysical truths from her "image standards," the press carried on. The Toronto Sun's Doug Fisher described her as "a personality with such a warmth and candor, with so little surface . . . that only the most cynical could interpret it sneakingly." Mr. critic Blash Kirby in The Globe and Mail was appalled that with "not just beautiful, but marvelously open, sensitive and full of feeling." Ottawa's Richard Gwyn in the Toronto Star did insert a note of caution by seeing certain "contradictions" in Margaret, but despite such contradictions "sagacity almost as much as her spirituality and candor."

Then came *New* that Margaret's actually doing her own thing and making a real contribution to the Canadian economy with her best seller; she's become a pariah to the media that adored her. It may be okay to wash your dirty linen publicly in non-plumbeous detergents. What's unforgivable is cleaning the muck of its own Themas.



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What a little Moonbeam can do

John Flood lives in Moosejaw, 200 miles south of James Bay, and the modest-sounding house he has doesn't look like a temper or a maniac, though John Flood is a publisher. He owns and edits the Penumbra Press which in February published two books of poetry and *Twelve Northern Drawings*, a limited edition of Algonquin sketches by Carl Schaeffer—a friend and near contemporary of the Group of Seven. In April Penumbra published an unpublished novel by one of Canada's finest authors, Duncan Campbell Scott. Flood, an English teacher at Northern Ontario's Fort-George Le Collège Universitaire de Hearst, wants Penumbra's books to be read across the country. Canada's 4,000 major libraries are all on his mailing list. A few years ago Penumbra would have seemed courageous, who ever heard of a publishing house out far from Kapuskasing? But with the rise of regional publishing, Flood's venture means anything but bizarre.

It has long been true that most Canadian writers choose not to live in Toronto, until recently, however, they usually had to submit their work to a Toronto editor. David Robinson, who

roots publisher but the ground has shifted, and nowadays a book is as likely to end up being published in Fredericton or Winnipeg or Windsor as of Canada's best publishers is Black Moss Press, founded in 1975 by a Windsor Star reporter named Marty Gervais. Black Moss has not only published writers of quality (Al Purdy, Earle Birney and Ralph Gustafson, for instance), it has also balanced its contents. "We've signed a lot of authors that we've been able to sell their books," Gervais says. "A lot of people say, 'Poetry doesn't sell.' It doesn't if you don't promote it." Relying more on his own energies than on government subsidies, Gervais expects to publish 22 books this year—a trick he attributes to Macmillan or McClelland & Stewart, who, a bit for the handful of people who keep Black Moss alive.

Lacking the resources of the large Toronto houses, most regional publishers work on a shaky financial base. Many are based at the literary chain stores, which rarely carry their books. The chain stores, like supermarkets, depend on a rapid turnover and are reluctant to

stock volumes that don't sell fast. Gervais calls Gervais "particularly sound," while Black Moss is hoping to bypass bookstores altogether. "With their paper-back take," he says, "bookstores force regional publishers into the red." Talonbooks, of Vancouver, the publishers of Michel Tremblay, Georges Ryens and other writers of note, is one of many short on money. No matter how good their books, they'll never be read unless they reach the public. Part of the answer may be in a new regional distribution system set up by Serv-West, which aims to put BC books before the eyes of BC readers.

And in BC the publishing scene is lively, erratic but energetic. David Robinson of Talonbooks regularly takes authors he is writing, or has signed, to a tiny restaurant called The Pink Geranium, an hour's seafaring from ride away from Vancouver on the gulf island of Galiano. The courting routine must work because Robinson and partners Karl Beigler and Peter Biggs have become Canada's largest publishers of plays. Although the members of the Ontario Arts Council in Toronto are eyed suspiciously, Talonbooks is determined to stay nestled in the nook of the mountain. Robinson, in a voice as soft as anyone's, insists, "We belong here." Ironically, Talonbooks' success has led them to a condition that most leave other "quality" publishers slack-jawed with envy—they believe they have exhausted their Canadian mandate of publishing.

Talonbooks is going international, opening a Los Angeles office within the

PAUL COTTER OF PIRELL'S, MELISSA MELISSA SPENCER

John Flood (left), David Robinson

Earle Birney

Marty Gervais

John Purdy

Georges Ryens

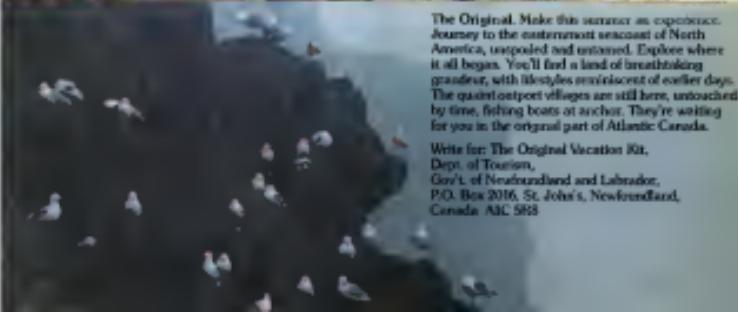


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next six months and signing deals with David Horowitz (The Primary English Class), David Ruttan (Abuse) and negotiating others with Edward Albee and Stan Sheppard. Half their new publishing, however, will remain Canadian, with the aim of becoming North America's premier publiahser.

A notorious BC reading public that has allowed feisty local houses such as Douglas and McIntyre and Blaauwkoek House to thrive has also produced startling recent reported sales of two political books dealing with the survival of BC provincial politics. The self-published 1980 Days by Lorrie Kainic and Gary Nixon chronicles the NDP government of Dave Barrett from 1976 to 1979, and Morning Star Books' Son of Seaweed, by Stan Perle, did the same for Bill Bennett. With some 35,000 copies of the books sold and another 30,000 in print, they speak eloquently of author Gary Nixon's happy observation that, "They treat these politics very seriously out here."

Hartig Publishers in Edmonton takes in more than \$1 million every year. Its founder, Mel Hartig, calls himself "not a regional publisher, but a national publisher who happens to be in a region." Although his first project, Alberta A Natural History, sold more than 30,000 copies, Hartig doesn't require huge sales in his own province. Alberta's The Ubiquitous Pop Group, say, or The New Modern Canadian Short Stories will sell just as well in Ottawa or Halifax as in Edmonton. The success of Hartig Publishers shows that a large commercial press can flourish in English Canada outside southern Ontario.

Not everyone applauds the trend. "Expansion tends to be a negative thing in this country," says Toronto poet Greg Gatenby. "Where are our standards of excellence?" Nevertheless, Gatenby's own Whole Sound—an anthology of poems and artwork by, among others, William Kurelek, Margaret Atwood and Harold Town—was extracted to Vancouver's Douglas and McIntyre. "There was the best offer financially," Gatenby explains, "and I knew they'd treat the book with attention." Having sold more than 10,000 copies, Whole Sound is a virtual best seller. But it's just one of many success stories in western publishing. Despite a lack of funding from an indifferent provincial government, more than 300 publishers now exist in BC alone. On the Prairies too, a growing place in place has been expansion among many small publishers, notably New West of Edmonton, Territories of Writing and Territories of Saskatchewan. It was Territories that finally persuaded the reticent John V. Hicks ("original, intense, precise, complex, sensitive, and admirable" are just some of the adjectives

Earle Birney uses to describe him)—to leave his first collection of poems, *New Is For Country*.

Some regional presses, Hartig and Talonbooks among them, arose in the late '60s on a wave of hopeful nationalism. But many more were founded in this decade, specifically to provide voices for a neglected or divided area. One such was Breaventor Books in St. John's, which began in 1975 as an offshoot of Newfoundland's well-known Raffles of Wood and Tadie. "We've been getting inquiries from American brands that's going to contribute to enthusiasm," says Cybe Rose, the ex-professor who runs Breaventor. "So we figured, why not start on our own?" In the last five years, Breaventor claims to have published more writers than in all Newfoundland's previous history. And last year the first expanded, printing novels from Newfoundland and Labrador in New Brunswick, Breaventor Books of Fredericton has just issued its 25th volume of poetry. (Fredericton was quickly pre-empted before many of Canada's new publishers were born.)

"It's cheap to get involved," says Valerie Thompson, former associate editor of Quill and Quire, the house organ of Canadian publishing (now executive editor for Macmillan & Stewart). "All you need is the money to buy the paper and pay the printer. The big problem is that there's often no money to promote the books and sell them, this is the author's standing grapple." The distribution systems are also far from adequate. In an effort to combat these problems and get their books before a national public, 28 small presses have banded together to form the Literary Press Group. Funded by the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council, the group publishes a free catalogue and arranges regional meetings that the author will be held in British Columbia, Canada, and Ontario on May 5, 6, 7 and 8. Starting long in the chain stores, the group is looking to cover writers from the provinces and will also seek out regional publishers, remain shut out from the lucrative network market, money will remain scarce.

The Canada Council's office in charge of grants to publishers is Ray MacEachern, a former publisher himself. MacEachern is committed to regional publishing. "Canada," he says, "was the greatest immigration country. Today it is unique, in part because of the rich variety of books being published." Without the council's assistance, none of the presses would go under, but regional publishing is not a career, dependent on the whims of government. If people like Paul of Peacock and Ross of Breaventor continue to flourish, then Canada's standards of publishing excellence might be set in Moonbeam and St. John's, not just in Toronto.

Mark Akkoy

Films

Disenchanted evenings in troubled Bora Bora

HURRICANE
Directed by Jan Troell

"I producer Dina de Laurentiis had been satisfied with 200 calories worth of pretty postcard shot in a spiffy Polynesian light," by cinematographer Stan Nylek, as false expectations would have been raised. Instead, lots of story interfere with the sensory and tag ends of characters are left flying around Jeanne's (Audrey Hepburn) first incarnation.

tags (revealed by a twitch of his stern scowled upper lip), to use his vented powers to try and control number.

Indeed the scenes start, such torturing waves, the most peaceful hurricane ever. Stand. The blue-green rolling waves wake up as many anomalies. Tired Howard running around in a flapping white shirtshirt, playing games to please to the native, Maxine (Audrey Hepburn) continues all the time.



times as a '30s novel and a '30s John Ford film, when keep interrupting and the story climaxes into a Gatsby-style South Seas dream.

The plot (Hepburn is bewitched) goes like this: Charlotte (Audrey Hepburn), looking busy, businessey and like she's been snared with a hook, arrives on Paum Paou to visit her father, Captain Bruder (James Robertson, the American military governor of the island). She falls in love at first sight with his Polynesian clerk, Matangi (introducing Balaclava surfer Dayton Callie) who also happens to be High-Chief-in-Waiting of a lovely little island called Alova. They talk to each other once or twice. Matangi says "You're getting very wet." Charlotte "No wetter than you." And decide they are fated for each other. Matangi "They are fated for each other. Matangi" (High Chief does what he wants.) Charlotte "A High Chief does what he wants." What he wants causes Daddy, who suffers from stray masturbations long-

playing career, decide to the native, all the natives, that Captain Bruder's crooked underpants have been stolen. Matangi and Charlotte do survive, a little. Matangi ends up in a bayou tree to start a new life among the broadbracts and crocuses. At this will was that on Bora Bora—the four syllables that most accurately describe it.

Anne Collins

New kind of love

THE LAST EMBRACE
Directed by John Schlesinger

The plot of *The Last Embrace* defies description. Harry Hoenig (Roy Scheider) works for an organization, probably as a spy. After his wife is shot during the explosive opening sequence he becomes a strong-

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Out of the narration, he discovers the Old Testament doesn't want him and, more frightening, someone is making threats on his life. A bright anthropology student (Jewel Merrell) has moved into his apartment. She takes him to France to answer the riddling of the death threat, which is written in Hebrew. With the help of an old Jew (Sam Levine, for God's sake!) Harry loses the motivation for a series of killings, of which he's the sentinel; the victims were descended from families who owned warehouses in old New York. If the motivator has been drawn by a plastic ruler that kept sloping, then the characters have been deinated by Magic Marker.

The pitchy thing about this pitiable thing is that it has been extremely well directed. Michael Douglas, who made last year's *Wall Street* a negotiate and highly original comedy about the ethics of Wall Street culture in America, has taken control of his own. And speaking of cars, this year's car review every 6th weekday, *Deadline*, has that sort of the movie's intense clomp (it begins to look like Bergman), starfire overheads (then Hitchcock) and deliberately subtitled set pieces (now *El Falso*). These set pieces (in a graveyard, up on a carnival tower in Princeton and the climactic sequence at Niagara Falls) don't really pay off; none of the action in the script has any emotional resonance or narrative force.

There are some scenes of distinction: a woman dresses a man in a bathrobe while having性 with him. How's that for cutless interruptions?

Lawrence O'Toole

Privacy invasion

DESPAIR
Directed by Henry Winter Franklin

Directed by Vincent Van Gogh, among others, *Despair* features nothing so dramatic as an ear being cut off. The platters of talent goes into it is staggering: a novel by Vladimir Nabokov, adapted for the screen by playwright Tom (Pravda) Stoppard, directed by the prolific German wunderkind, Passlender. But the blood has been sucked out of the original story, leaving only drossery to style.

Howard Henshaw (Dark Bogarde) is a Romanian emigrant now living in Berlin where he owns a chocolate factory. Wall Street has just come to town, the Nazis are on the way. However, in going home to Berlin, Henshaw begins to grow fat and domineering (i.e., he has the queen-frightening he's standoverish himself looking at himself). His perfectly poised wife (Audrey Ferrer) is the embodiment of vacuity, last-mittened out-

Specialty tastes

For me right now, *Cinéplex*, the new 15-theatre movie complex in Toronto's Eaton Centre, will be the place to catch a movie or one picture, now and then. At the ribbon-cutting (yester) Ottawa's a smorgasbord of culture and recreation. Robben Burks returned to the screen behind the concept ten-year-ago. Barth Chabotay and Ned Taylor and accolades Mutual Spacelaser are the most distinguished innovators in the entire world. Gussied up a gack by slender — Well now that *The Supreme* have broken up.

Apologies to the Pope: the Queen and poor mother Eddie Cinéplex or of his kind unique in the world. Costing between \$2 million and \$2.5 million, the owners keep

sleekly "Really, you're such a stupid woman," he tells her. "Still, I don't mind." He doesn't mind because he doesn't have to deal with her. But when he stands above her in a leaped drawing gown and leather cap holding a whip, his dissociated self watches on proprietorially. To deal with it he switches identities with another man who he thinks is his physical double. It leads to murder.

Visually stunning (it begins with a setting sheet of droplets of water falling on egg shells), the sick and mannerist *Despair* is mostly High Trash. Henshaw is shot through withers, withers, glam participants—drawn by and trapped in double imagery. There's nothing in *Despair* so beautiful as a reasonably complex explanation of Henshaw's dissociation, or so attractive by wordless dig down to the book it'll all effect and without cause.

erians are treated as the facts of life they really are. He gives his people dignity, and it is the dignity the audience comes to feel they deserve. When they have problems, they solve them, just the way real people do—not all that brilliantly, sometimes not all that well, but enough so that they can carry on and get by.

The most engaging of all these characters is the hulking Len Maguire, perfectly played by Bill Hunter, a well-known movie villain in Australia. It is his life as a man and a survivor that the movie follows, from 32 to 40 when he begins running out, there in sense that his time is running out. He will manage. He has his pride, not even an offer of \$50,000 for a rest of his company's film can tempt him. He just walks away. His sense of loyalty, as misplaced as some might were, does not disappear when times get hard. And maybe that's why, with so much going against it in theory, *Newground* works so beautifully in reality.

Half a loaf

NEWSWORLD
Directed by Philip Noyce

There is triple-chinned fat, near-sighted and balding, he leads now. He is the world's softest. There is no horizon, the world's softest sense and no will. The film is set in a dull town in a dull place and it concerns a subject that isn't all that exciting either. But the movie's just lovely.

Part of the reason is that Noyce, one of the young (he's 28) stars of the wittiest Australian film scene that is attracting worldwide attention lately, has remarkable restraint and shows great maturity in blending his competencies. On one level, *Newground* is a nostalgic film about the declining years of the theatrical newspaper industry in the late '40s and through the '50s. But, despite wryplace amazement to detail, Noyce never allows his audience to get shocked up about it and long for the good times past.

Similarly, he keeps his characters in time, marriage, separation and even the death of a most appealing young cam-

erade and friends—ciné-club talk.



Newground: newspaper getting along



Ustinov's tour guide through Leningrad is his — and only his

By William Casselman

"I wasn't born here. But my parents were not here and I chose it as the best authority that I was born in Leningrad," says Peter. In some ways this poly remembrance is the perfect tour guide, in other ways Ustinov is not an apt choice. But it's a memory span he gives us "round the city founded in 1703 by Peter the Great as Saint Petersburg. In 1914 the Bolsheviks naturally disposed the name as too Germanic, so it became Petrograd. In 1924 Lenin thought of something else—Leningrad.

Scanning down Nevsky Prospekt, the city's most renowned street, Ustinov is memory and playfulness. "How do pigeons know they're 'Russian' pigeons?" he wonders. In a stroke of stony finesse he mugs aside and gets a small triumph of a smile from one treacly tourist.

Leningrad is a Slave town of art, beautifully filmed by Canadian camerographer Harry Mulisch. His cameras swoon over vast gilt masses, bronzed and bejeweled altars, richly decorated icons, all in vast cathedrals/Cathedral Apartments, and again throughout the hour-long videotape we return to one shot: the classic gliding past that definition of symmetry, the Winter Palace, arranged at sunset beside the Neva River. Then mighty Miss cassanova Leningrad is a sexual naked—Ustinov, too, not his comic antiquity to sport. He visits the great tombs and graveyards. Here lies Catherine the Great. Here lies a saint. Catherine the Great lies in a sumptuous grave by 600,000 citizens who died during the 900-day siege of Leningrad by the Nazis. "Everyone has a place in the eternal bonds," says Ustinov. "Every country had to have one." He shows us Peter the Great's caskets, with costly sporting furniture and baltic statuary, the roses encircled of Peter's bones.

Then Lenin's yawn, "Now or Never." We stand at the Finland Station, where Lenin returned from exile to proclaim that a socialist revolution was possible in Russia. Ustinov asks himself how the revolution has affected the people and finds it "hard to say." He contemplates

the faces of old people in the street, "the triumph of whose lives is survival. They are grateful for the taste of life and the infinite beauty of still being alive." Peter Ustinov's tour is bittersweet and naive. And after all, how much history may we demand in 30 minutes? A touch more than he gives. For Leningrad is also a city of death, of holocaust and massacre. And after all, how much history may we demand in 30 minutes? A touch more than he gives. For Leningrad is also a city of death, of holocaust and massacre. And after all, how much history may we demand in 30 minutes? A touch more than he gives. For Leningrad is also a city of death, of holocaust and massacre.

Under tsar of Peter the Great, bound laborers urged the long out of create in the sewage delta of the Neva. That's mud still dead. And the great modern-

railway works. To the west and south of the old port sprawling suburbs where workers lived in filth and mud. After the revolution, new quarters were built. Bound and fat. World War II, they had to be rebuilt again. Today Leningrad is the base for much Soviet scientific and historical research. It's home port for atomic-powered icebreakers and the Soviet Merchant Marine. At the giant Elektrostal works they assembled the first Soviet. Was Ustinov's answer buried from certain planes?

Here, too, Dositeyevsky went. Kosolapov out walking from his flat-like room on Stolberg Place, brooding on the wonder that is the waters of Crimea and Pauslantau. So accurate was Dositeyevsky that one can follow the story from street to street in Leningrad, pilgrimage as Joyce fanatics do along the Liffey in Dublin. Ustinov merely names in one sentence of the great novelist's tomb.

Exactly why his bonhomie matches the city's humor may be found in Peter Ustinov's opinion about television. In his autobiography, *Dear Me*, he writes, "Television has imposed special demands on the reader... As a medium, it is in a kind of a dormitory, which forces out memory. There is nothing more extraordinary than television's ability to nominate a politician, and may I assure you that every joke, helps to establish the memory of the man's true state of mind." So also for a TV host.

That is the first of a new series called *Citizen*, produced entirely by two independent Canadian TV companies, John McGreevey Productions and Northern Focus International. Next fall we'll see Anthony Burgess's *Rome, R.D. Laing's Glasgow*, *Elie Wiesel's Jerusalem* and *George Plimpton's New York*, among others. The title is long on this. This is the Leningrad of Peter Ustinov. Not wise, not grand, perhaps, but his alone—quacky, flawed, roasting.

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Only rock 'n' roll

The audience for the second Keith Richards CRTC concert disappeared into the Ottawa Civic Auditorium with the precision of a tape measure being pulled back. A young woman bellowed, "If it weren't for horns, we wouldn't be here," brought attention to the fact that the occasion was not just a concert but a public act of re-enchantment stemming from February, 1977, when the Rolling Stones recorded live in Toronto. Margaret Trudeau enjoyed one of the great musical performances of her life and Richards, the Stones' lead guitarist, got busted for dope justice and when business was further extinguished in October, 1978, when Richards was con-



Richards (left), unexpectedly healthy; Jagger (right), predictable romancing; Jagger/Wood duet: "happy to be here"



victed of heroin possession and Ontario's court judge, Lloyd Graham, put him on a year's probation and sentenced him to entertain the world.

During the week that preceded the two benefit performances on April 12, it sometimes seemed that the visually handicapped were the victims of the judge's good intentions. Blind people, given tickets first and for free, were harassed. No radio stations carried us as if they had seen a star in the East and reported all details of ticket sales marked by inconstancies, scalpers and renamed apprentices by surprise guests. People were attending from all over. Many drove in from Toronto, arriving in Ottawa on a sunny afternoon to find the local citizenry in lawn chairs in driveways awaiting the event. Residents of the now-forbidding backlot of the rock's single parking lot, most based their Fleet Streets and watched the crowd, many of them second-generation Stones fans, sporting a lot of denim and troubled skin.

Inside the auditorium there was a spray-painted sign, "Up this joint," and a portrait of the Queen of math, except proportions that you had to look twice to make sure that the Queen was not wearing a leotard on her top. At 4:40 p.m. the audience chanted "We want Stones," and the lights went down. A blind, drugged, introducing Black Brother John Holt, who introduced the first band, The New Barbarians, fronted by Ben Wood and Keith Richards, making its first appearance of a North American tour. Richards stood at the mike, threw away his prepared notes and said, "We're real happy to be here."

Although the evening show was more driving, the two concerts were almost identical. After eight numbers, The New Barbarians left the stage. In the dark Richards returned with an acoustic guitar and was joined by Jagger. After a blissful duet, the Rolling Stones took over, doing ten covers, whistling numbers, five of them from *Sous-Ciel*, their most recent album. Jagger was predictably monosyllabic and Richards was unexpectedly healthy looking. In response to each of Jagger's signature gestures—painted finger, exaggerated strut, jagged tongue—the audience clapped and roared, immune to blacked right lines and sloppy reliefs. Handshaking, fistbumps and fistslaps, who swayed on the backs of seats and their own. Whatever the results may have had on what plights of the advantaged and the disadvantaged, the fans and band were loyal to each other. Still, the last day when Richards was served with some of the CRTC's appeal, it was hard not to wish that that parallel were finished.

David Livingstone

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The disappearance of Pierre Camelot and the return of the pork barrel

By Alan Fotheringham

One of the more remarkable things about this remarkably dull election is that the Liberals are even closer. An assessment of their latest 13 years in power shows a party as cynical and arrogant that it has achieved a monolithic status in the Canadian mind. Its dour behavior has been accepted as the norm. Great stuff! Black is white. Bad is good. Newspeak item.

One of the reasons for this state of suspended belief is that the Liberals still do a certain extent on the jet stream of Pierre Trudeau's 1968 image. Here was the clear-headed, fair-minded academic idealist and visionary who was not going to sweep the stains from politics. In fact, his record of patronage and blatant jobs-for-the-boys is the worst of any modern-day prime minister. You could call him Pierre Porkbarrel and make as easy case to prove. The man who was going to reform the Senate? In truth, he has been more a slave to the pleasures of the party hawks and hangers than was the outgoing Lester Pearson. Fifteen years ago when Pearson there were 60 Liberal seats in the Senate and 23 Tories. How has Trudeau reduced it? Today there are 35 Liberals remaining in this relatively chamber and 22 Tories. Slave? That's what you call it when the prime minister, after dissolving Parliament and calling the election, appoints a clutch of Liberals! (Indeed, the Senate is an inspiration to patronage workers. Up to the records of \$32,000 a year went Duke Wood, who was Mr. Trudeau's campaign manager in Mount Royal the past two elections. Up went a wacky handbush M.P. that the party wanted to get rid of, Fernand Leblanc. Up went Norbert Tremblay, a New Brunswick Liberal M.P. Up went Yvette Baudouin, president of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women. Up went a Tory, Bob Marr. Why? Because the Liberals think they can win his Cape Breton seat. Nothing is done by accident. The party of patronage rolls on. A vacant spot on the

International Jeton Committee? We

ll do with Liberal M.P. Jean Robert Roy. How do we reward our friends? In the first case of the Trudeau government, 160 of the appointments approved by cabinet went to former Liberal candidates or their spouses. At least 60 of the judges appointed by Trudeau were Liberal candidates. Mind! At least eight members of the Immigration Appeal Board had been Liberal candidates, at least 17 members of the Unemployment Insurance Commission boards of referees, at least 12 members of the Ca-



ters for political favors that would help him in Northern Ontario. Russell Pettrago, the late Prince Albert senator, ran again against Jim D'Ambois. His reward? Appointment to the Freshwater Fish Marketing Corp.

The Liberals' complacent attitude, their feeling that they have been operating this way for so long that they must be right, is illustrated perfectly by their action when B.C. voters in the 1972 election defeated 19 Liberal M.P.s. The Trudeauites promptly fanned up seven of them with jobs. If the voters repudiated them, then, then the voters must be wrong. The government must correct that error. Of the 29 men that the prime minister appointed to his first cabinet in 1968 (only four are left), 14 of them have been rewarded with safe appointments. There is Edgar Tse, president of the Canadian Transport Commission, Ted Berry, chairman of the National Capital Commission, Breyer Mackenzie, chairman of the board of Air Canada, Mitchell Sharp, overseeing the arctic pi-

petine confuse. On and on. It had been a remarkably��umble-fingered and self-effacing collection of men picked by the clear mind of Mr. Trudeau. That has not Andrée Dupont with its court-of-court competition, Bill Deyo and his taste for hot, to judge. Pierre Fox, with his endless machismo, Otto Lang and his manage-free-spiritedness, Jean Marchand and his wayward driving rage, Mann and his manic finger-clap couldn't stay away from a judge's influence.

There's been the Skag Show after the Horizone dredging case, the Jean-Pierre Goyer blunder, the unconvincing cartel that had to be revisited to as to by our American friends, all these willies that apparently went missing in the nuclear reactor sales to South Korea and Argentina, that delightful complex in Hull built with no timber, the amazing armistice being developed by all these militaries over the RCMP exam. In all, quite a remarkable record for 11 years of fideism.



nadian Persons Commission, at least five members of the Parks Board. Whatever happened to Pierre Camelot? Please tell. There is Maupin's job. St. Lucia. At one stage, of 56 government appointments, one was recommended by Maure, all of them had given him campaign funds or worked for him. While labour minister, Maure needed an industrial relations consultant to study the Vancouver labour-handling problem. He found him, naturally — Honolulu. When Mann's campaign manager, Joseph Lassila, was refused reappointment to the Hamilton Harbor Commission because he was "untrustable," Maure tried to place him as a citizenship court judge. When Robert Andre, the wavy nose in the cabinet who is a master of patronage, forced a new unemployment insurance advisory commission, what unknown did he find to head it? Bill Laskins, his predecessor as Liberal candidate up in Thunder Bay. Andras used every spot on the Immigration Appeal Board to barge in with other mem-

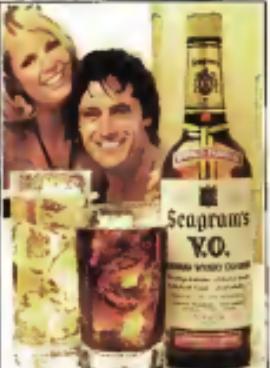
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